Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 23, 1961 / 25¢

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Art Commentary by Katharine Kuh

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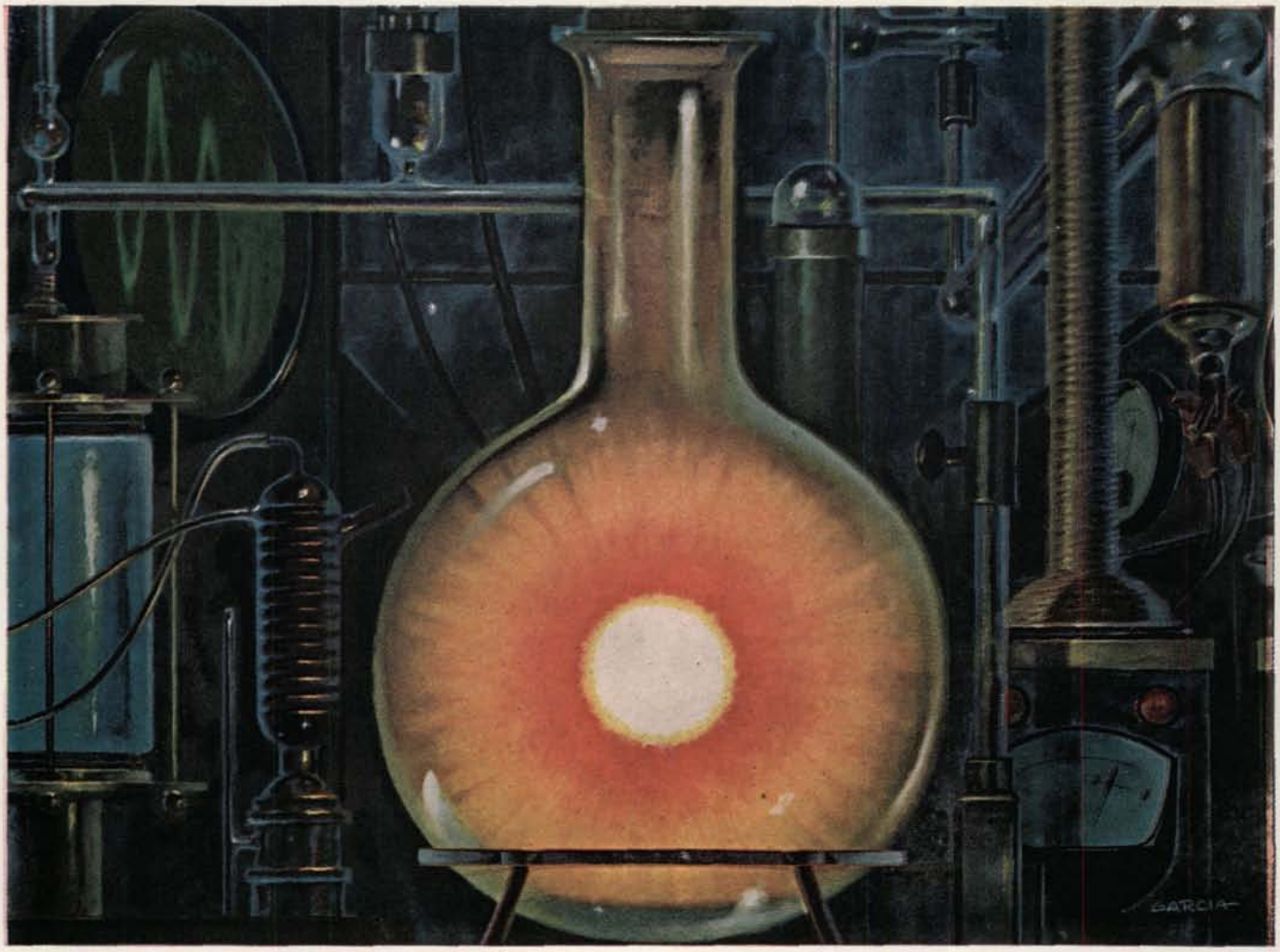


CAN MAN "PUT THE SUN IN A BOTTLE"?

Scientists are trying! They're working toward temperatures ONE HUNDRED MILLION DEGREES HOT to develop a vast new supply of electric power for America.

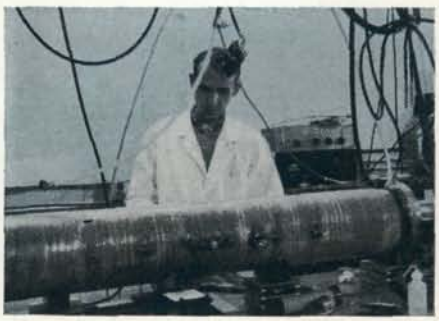
The process is called "nuclear fusion." It is an advanced way of releasing atomic energy for peacetime purposes. *But it calls for creating temperatures much hotter than those inside the sun!*

Naturally, such heat would melt any substance known. So scientists associated with investor-owned electric light and power companies are helping to develop "bottles" which are composed of lines of magnetic force.

By means of such "bottles," they believe incredibly fierce heat and energy can be controlled. It would be like controlling the energy of hydrogen bombs and putting them to work for mankind. Power plants could then produce electricity from many common things. For example, there is enough fusion energy in a bucket of sea water to heat a home for a year.

This is frankly a long-range research project. It is only *one* part of a great research and development program which the investor-owned electric companies are pressing on a nationwide scale. These companies explore *any* method that promises more power for America. They are already expanding production of electricity through "conventional" atomic power. And from coal, oil, gas and falling water. For the nation's future power must come from many sources.

Helping develop these sources to full usefulness is the responsibility of the investor-owned companies. They are able to produce all the additional electric power America will need.



Magnetic bottle used in joint fusion research program of the Texas Atomic Energy Research Foundation and General Dynamics Corporation's General Atomic Division. The Foundation is composed of 11 investor-owned electric companies in Texas.

Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies | *Keep America Powerful*

Company names on request through this magazine

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What's ahead for Chrysler?

The people in charge talk briefly about what they are doing

Suppose somebody put you in charge of America's seventh largest industrial company in sales with assets of one billion, 369 million dollars and said:

"You have more than 82,000 people working for the company.

"You have 86,000 stockholders.

"You have more than 6,000 dealers who sold more than three billion dollars' worth of cars and trucks in 1960.

"You do business with more than 12,000 other companies.

"And remember what you owe to the people who own the more than 11 million Chrysler-built cars and trucks now on the road in the U. S. alone.

"You're in charge. Fix what's wrong, keep what's right, and move ahead."

That's the job they gave us and that's what we intend to do . . .

"Fix what's wrong, keep what's right, and move ahead"

With the cars we have for '62, and by keeping our eye on these objectives, we are confident we will move ahead rapidly.

1. We plan to make it necessary for every automobile buyer once again to *"look at all three."* This can be accomplished only by offering *cars with something extra in every price class.* This we are doing!

2. In addition to offering cars with something extra in every price class, we will continue to offer *the best built cars in every price class.* To accomplish this, we have tightened up our already rigorous quality control program. *You'll see the results in our 1962 cars on display September 28.*

3. We are dedicated to turning out cars that will give you peak performance, that will handle gas as though it were rationed, and will require a minimum of attention and expense. We're doing it now, and we're going to do even better.

4. Chrysler Corporation has the best engineers in the business. It is our job to see that their best ideas go into our cars.

In accomplishing these four basic objectives, we will offer you cars in every price class that give you the most for your dollar when you buy them and the most for your dollar at trade-in time.

The people at Chrysler Corporation

Where engineering puts something extra into every car

PLYMOUTH • VALIANT • DODGE • DART • LANCER • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL • DODGE TRUCKS
SIMCA CARS • MOPAR • REDSTONE • JUPITER • AIRTEMP • AMPLEX • CYCLEWELD • MARINE AND INDUSTRIAL ENGINES

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(Advertisement)

If, on a sultry Indian Summer day, you find your office hot, crowded, and generally grim, you just don't know how lucky you are. Picture, if you can, a combination office-barracks some three hundred feet high and a little bigger across. Turn off the electricity, paint the windowpanes black, and jam forty thousand citizens inside. What you have is an approximation of the world's oldest organized community—a termite city.

You may find this mental picture disturbing; I certainly did—far more unsettling than George Orwell's "1984." Yet life in a termite city is utterly fascinating, and you don't have to take my unsupported word for it. It's all described in a book called "Dwellers in Darkness," one of the first volumes in a new paperback series devoted to the whole panorama of man and the world of nature.

The series, called the Natural History Library, is brand-new, and I haven't yet had a chance to read any of the other books in it. But the fact that the project is a joint creation of Anchor Books and the American Museum of Natural History is as good a guarantee of quality as you're likely to get.

Till I do get around to the other books in the series, though, there's plenty in "Dwellers in Darkness" to keep my mind occupied. If you find fantasy pallid and science fiction dull, try investigating the damp, dark, crowded world of the termite. It's like going through the looking glass with Dracula, instead of Alice, at your side.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Dwellers in Darkness," by S. H. Skaife (95¢), and the other titles in the Natural History Library are published by Anchor Books, in co-operation with the American Museum of Natural History. They can all be obtained from your local bookseller or from any of the Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 19190 Livernois Avenue, Detroit 21, Mich.

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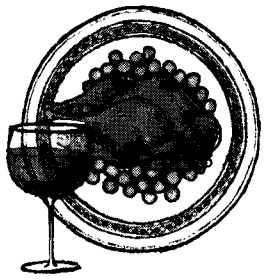
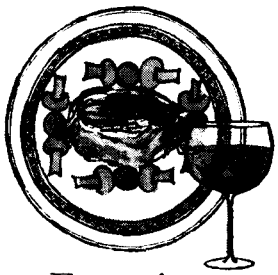
When she takes fowl (petit poulet)



And you want steak (mignon filet)



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IF YOU HAVE A CHILD—

this is the most important book you will ever read!

THE UNIQUE book described on this page may alter your entire life and affect forever the happiness of yourself and your children. When you read SUMMERHILL: *A Radical Approach to Child Rearing*, you may get the shock of your life — for this meaningful book will challenge your most cherished beliefs about how to bring up a child!

Here is the fascinating story of Summerhill, a school in England which has been in operation for forty years—perhaps the most revolutionary school in the world — *a school where children don't even attend classes unless they want to!* Yet this school produces youngsters whose academic achievement is high, and whose emotional stability is unparalleled!

A. S. Neill, Summerhill's headmaster, bluntly declares that most parents make a mess of the job of raising children. What's more, he says, our accepted ways of discipline — our traditional ideas about respect — our taken-for-granted notions about how to teach morals — are positively evil. As a result, we often produce children who are a trial to their parents, a trial to their teachers and even a trial to themselves—and who in later life throng the offices of psychiatrists.

Every parent knows the child who whines, who resentfully breaks things, who nags, who becomes painfully bored, and who has overpowering spells of unhappiness. As a parent, you are often at a loss to know whether you're too easy with your child or too hard. In despair, you wonder what is wrong with the way you handle him. Perhaps you seek counsel; but despite the talk, despite the worry, you seldom find the answer which yields an effective change.

A better way . . .

Is there a better way to rear and educate children? Yes, says Mr. Neill, the way it's done at Summerhill! Here is a school which turns out genuinely contented and productive youngsters. These boys and girls do *not* make the impossible demands on their parents that other children do. Brought up in an atmosphere of love and approval — without adult pressure — Summerhill's *self*-disciplined children grow up to be a joy to their parents and a lasting joy to themselves.

Don't misunderstand. Neill does not advocate that we permit our children to run all over us. He is positively wrathful against parents who permit children to rule the roost, to wantonly interrupt adult conversation, to stalk into the living room and turn on the television set regardless of whether that annoys others present. He doesn't believe that we should coddle our children so that they dominate their parents and others around them.

He is, however, a firm believer in freedom for the child — *freedom without license* — and makes no bones about the unconscious tyranny of parents, which most of us are woefully unaware of.

Summerhill's meaning for you . . .

This book may well make you angry, but it will also make you *think*. It will smash many of your established beliefs about child rearing, but it will replace them with positive, constructive ideas. SUMMERHILL will demand of you a searching re-examination of your role as parent, but it will reward you with new insights.

Above all, this penetrating book will help you forge enduring bonds of love between you and your child. Respect will follow — *real* respect — not veneer respect — not the obedience which comes from fear. SUMMERHILL will help you eliminate those harrowing parent-child conflicts, with all the heartaches they cause. And this great book will help you make your home a happy, serene place for raising children who will, one day, be truly free and mature adults.

Not in many years has any book won such enthusiastic acclaim from educators and professionals.

***Here is what some leading educators and authors say about* SUMMERHILL:**

BENJAMIN FINE *(Education Editor, North Amer. Newspaper Alliance; formerly Education Editor, The New York Times; Pulitzer Prize-winning author)*

"In 25 years of reading and reviewing books on education, I have yet to find one as stimulating, exciting and challenging as the story of SUMMERHILL. Every one of its pages is filled with delightful warmth and encouragement."

ASHLEY MONTAGU *(Anthropologist and Social Biologist; author and educator)*

"Anyone who is in any way concerned with the education of children should make this book required reading."

STUART CHASE *(Author of numerous books and articles on economic and social affairs)*

"The book will, I think, stir up an argument in any intelligent family interested in education, and I hope it is widely read."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES *(Pastor Emeritus, Community Church of N.Y.; Chairman of the Board, American Civil Liberties Union)*

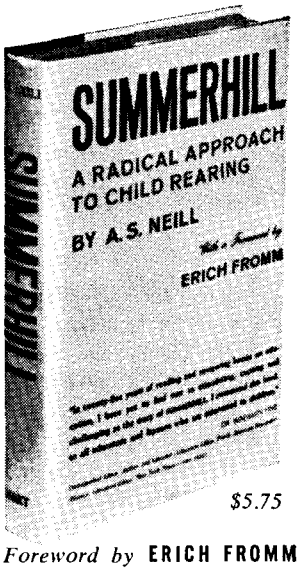
"His is a great experiment, and I believe in experiments."

DWIGHT MACDONALD *(Staff Editor for The New Yorker Magazine)*

"One reads it with the irritation, excitement, and finally sympathy, that any original idea always provokes. The trouble is that one can't help thinking that Mr. Neill is right."

HENRY MILLER *(Author of "Tropic of Cancer," "The Cosmological Eye," and numerous other books)*

"I know of no educator in the Western world who can compare with A. S. Neill. It seems to me that he stands alone. SUMMERHILL is a tiny ray of light in a world of darkness. Its aim is to create happy, contented people, not cultural misfits dedicated to war, insanity and canned knowledge."



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Foreword by **ERICH FROMM**

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A. S. NEILL, *headmaster of Summerhill, speaks on parents, children, and the education of both. Here are a few passages from the text of* SUMMERHILL:

"If your child lies, either he is afraid of you or he is copying you. Lying parents will have lying children. If you want the truth from him, do not lie to him."

"A cynical or a spiteful parental tongue can do untold damage to a child. We all know fathers who sneer at their sons. *Butterfingers, you can't do a thing without bungling it.* Such men likewise show their hatred of their wives by constant criticism. And there are wives who rule husbands and children through brow-beating and streams of abuse."

"Girls who were spanked by their mothers grow into spankers themselves. An excellent illustration is the game in which children play school. Teacher whacks all the time."

"The future of Summerhill itself may be of little import. But the future of the Summerhill idea is of the greatest importance to humanity. New generations must be given the chance to grow in freedom. The bestowal of freedom is the bestowal of love. And only love can save the world."

The publishers of SUMMERHILL *are so sure that this book will enrich your life and help your child that they are willing to send it to you for 10 days' free reading. If you don't agree that this is the most challenging, fascinating and helpful book you have read in years, simply return it and owe nothing.*

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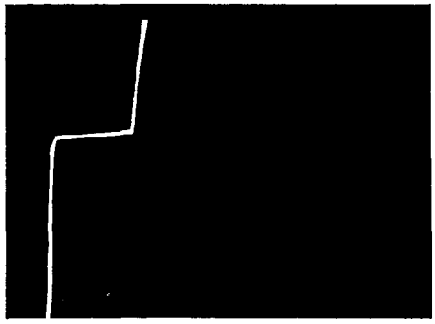

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Life With Mother

Edited by Martin Levin

POEM TO BE INCLUDED IN ANTHOLOGIES WITHOUT PERMISSION FEE

It's a splendid anthology. All of its pages
Are filled with great poems come down through the ages.
Ten poems, for instance, by Shakespeare; nine each
By Wordsworth and Shelley and, just within reach,
Eight poems by Byron, eight poems by Browning,
And seven by Keats (who is probably frowning),
And six, mostly long ones, by Spenser and Milton,
And twelve by a poet named Henry K. Stilton.
And who is this Stilton, who heads all the list,
With his name in large type? The anthologist.

—RICHARD ARMOUR.

• • •

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR OLD COFFEE GROUNDS?

WE HAD been married for six months before my wife and my mother met. The first confrontation had its surprises as well as its difficulties. The first surprise came to my mother. She knew I had married an actress. I am sure she had imagined her to be somewhat like the lush female on the poster of "The Girl from Rector's." She was not prepared for that wide-eyed chit of a child stretched out on the couch, her pale forehead contracted in pain. I explained to mother that Dorothy was not well. She had a severe headache. All her life mother had been subject to what were then called "sick headaches" and she was instantly sympathetic. What we could not tell mother was that Dorothy was suffering from her first hangover.

The night before, Dorothy and I had been down in the Village at a party. It was given by one of the gayest and most charming couples in New York, Miriam Hopkins and Bill Parker. We drank more than our wont. At that time Dorothy hadn't cultivated any wont and knew nothing of the consequences of drinking too much. We had talked and laughed and sung and at six in the morning Miriam cooked us some breakfast. There just aren't any parties like that any more, unless they are being given by people who are as young now as we were then. That Dorothy was to meet her mother-in-law the next day seemed unimportant.

Mother was a small, delicate-looking woman, a wisp of New England granite. We had a part-time maid, which I knew struck mother as an extravagance, but she held her peace. I had ordered a simple and frugal dinner which mother seemed to enjoy. Dorothy sat with us at the table, ate little, and contributed less to the conversation. After the coffee had been served, mother held Dorothy's eye and asked, "What do you do with your old coffee grounds?" The throb in Dorothy's temple jumped into high gear. Had my wife been in perfect health and high spirits, I submit this was an unfair question. "I don't know what we do with them," she stammered, looking very guilty. "I guess we just throw them away." "You can use them for flavoring," mother said smugly. "Make your own coffee jello."

I, too, had been bewildered by mother's question, but now I knew that mother had accepted our marriage and was trying to contribute to it. And all she had to contribute were the economies that a lifetime of being poor had taught her. She knew all the shortcuts and shifts that would save a penny, and to her not saving a penny when you could was one of the deadly sins. A worse sin, if there was one, was spending a penny you didn't need to spend.

Ten years before my marriage I had been able to bring mother to New York for a visit. I thought she deserved a fling and in my ignorance thought she would enjoy one. The first night I took her to dinner at Mouquin's. In those days you could get a good Italian dinner anywhere for seventy-five cents and if you knew your New York you could get a substantial meal for forty or fifty cents. Mouquin's was a French restaurant better and more expensive than the average. Mother discovered that the cheapest meal we could get there was the dollar and twenty-five cent dinner. I ordered one for each of us. She couldn't eat a morsel. While the waiter served the courses and then removed her untouched plates mother sat there and silently wept.

Later when mother's health was fad-

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ing I would bring her flowers. It was no fun for either of us. No smile of pleasure would light her face. She would shake her head in a pained way and murmur, "They'll be dead in a day or two and a whole dollar wasted." The uses of adversity are not always sweet, Mr. Shakespeare; they can be horrible and scarifying.

When she died, mother left over five thousand dollars she had scrimped together somehow. She could have well spent this on herself, but not with any pleasure. I can't say I learned the value of money from my mother because I don't think she knew the value of it. But my attitude toward money does stem from her. I have always followed the lesson she unwittingly taught me: Spend It While You Have It.

—HOWARD LINDSAY.

• • •

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT STAMPS

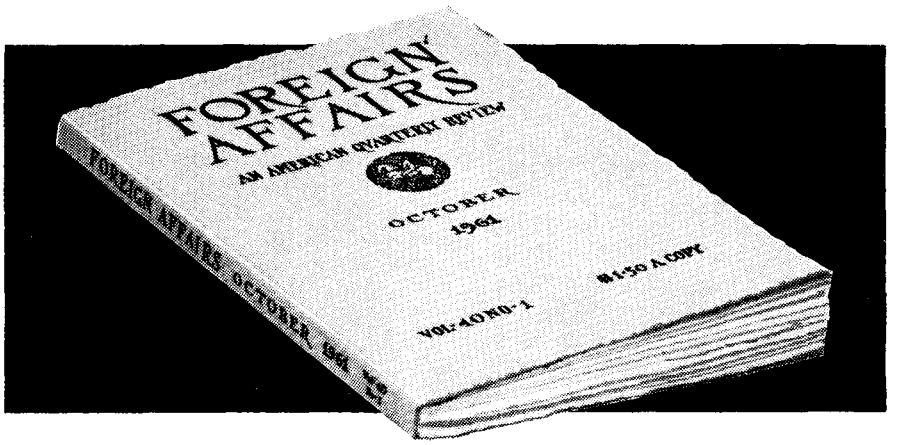
RELIGION is finally getting the hard sell it so richly deserves: there's a church in Florida that's now giving green trading stamps to people who attend services. Now piety will yield tangible treasures, as reverent little parishioners race from pew to supermarket. "Look Ma!" a choir boy will cry with a flourish of his stamp book, "I awreddy prayed five times for a holster. Only seven more prayers and it's mine."

Such bonuses should not only hypo church attendance, but they also might send worshipers to the tabernacle as often as five times a week, especially if they're praying for something they really need in the kitchen. From now on you just can't bow your head with vague wishes for such impractical premiums as world peace or human happiness: you must know the specific prize you're after and how many services it will take you to get it—otherwise you'll be wasting your time and valuable pew space. Of course, this new religious incentive will bring its problems. For example: the supplicant who makes the most trips to the supermarket could become holier than thou. Things might be simplified by having services right in the store, thus eliminating tedious trips to redemption.

With trading stamps for a starter, other advancements can be made that can really put religion over the top salvationwise—for the trouble with our churches is that they've been too spiritual. I look to the day when there is a Sears, Roebuck catalogue on every pulpit, and clergymen will heal their flocks by saying, "Now let us rise and order on page 52."

—RALPH SCHOENSTEIN.

Facts you need—opinions you respect



AT this time, when the United States is making momentous decisions in foreign policy, more and more Americans are turning to **FOREIGN AFFAIRS** for help in understanding the political, social and economic currents affecting men's thoughts and actions everywhere. Its articles are drawn from many countries and reflect widely differing points of view.

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INSIDE NATIONWIDE

An Open Letter to Norman Cousins

Dear Sir:

An advertisement in your magazine isn't just an ad; it's one end of a dialogue.

This series has been running nearly nine months now, and by conservative estimate we've received from readers 40-some words for every word we've published. It's almost frightening. Did you ever shout "Hello!" into a canyon and have it come back sounding like an Optimist Club convention? It's that kind of feeling.

Not that the individual letters and cards and telegrams and phone calls are frightening. Far from it. Take this note from Sanvel E. Klein, of Cleveland Heights, Ohio:

"My dear Mr. Nationwide,

"I heard about your (symbol) problem and am writing to you to tell you not to worry. Everybody in my neighborhood knows your symbol and thinks nice things about all of you swell people down there in Columbus, Ohio. Who says nobody remembers you. Shaw! (sic) Everybody remembers you when they see that letter and that bird. At least everybody around here does. You're famous.

"Needless to say, my family and I have a heaping bowl of Nationwides every morning. They're delicious, just like your advertisements say."

Mr. Cousins, to receive a letter like this from a perfect stranger is enough to bring tears to the eyes. And as far as we're concerned it doesn't matter one whit that we don't make or sell anything that would go into a bowl. At least our ads are being read. We're projecting (more or less). We're getting through.

Next time you're in Columbus, stop in and go through our bulging files of correspondence elicited by these SR ads. We're sure the letters and cards, etc., will give you as warm a glow as they've given us.

Sincerely,
NATIONWIDE

P.S. Do you think we might project better if we ran the word INSURANCE in bigger type?

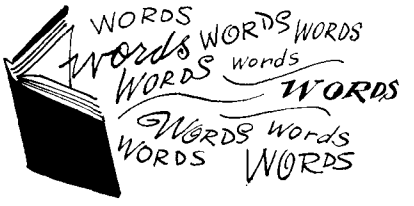
Nationwide/Mutual Insurance Co., Life Insurance Co., Mutual Fire Insurance Co. Home Office; Columbus, O.

NATIONWIDE

America's most progressive insurance organization

TRADE Winds

WORDS ARE ALL OVER the place these days. Oxford University Press is touting its new little book "Adventures Among Words," by Eric Partridge. Random House is bringing along a new book by Bergen Evans called "Comfortable Words." Publisher Lyle Stuart is offering a book to match Henry Miller's four-letter-wordsmithing, with

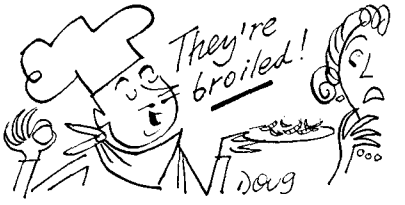


Paul Krassner's "Impolite Interviews." To get even more basic than words alone, Crowell is examining the stuff that words are made of in a new edition of Oscar Ogg's "The 26 Letters," showing the story of the evolution of our alphabet from cave paintings onward. In spite of comic books, television, and the pallid screen, it looks as if words may be around a while longer.

PARTRIDGE, IN HIS VOLUME, challenges the etymologist who locks himself in the closet, or who depends on phonetics to discover the roots of words. "What happens to sounds shouldn't happen to a dog," he says, avoiding the jargon of the scholar he is. He goes on to point out that the etymologist must have a keen understanding of human nature, and a deep, wide, sympathetic attitude toward it. Highlights of his lighthearted excursion through the word jungle include: *sparrow-grass* as an origin for *asparagus*, a list of ironically grandiloquent names for humble dishes, beginning with the well-known Welsh rabbit and continuing with Bombay duck (dried fish), Cape Cod turkey (codfish), and Yarmouth capon (red herring). Partridge (the author, not the dish) deplores the attempts by some etymologists to rob the English Beefeaters of their rightful simplicity and dignity. Some fancy scholars tried to attribute this label for the London guards to the French *buffetier*, instead of the plain, ordinary roast beef in their diet.

FAR BEYOND THE ORDINARY, not only where words are concerned, but also in the culinary field, is Crown Publishers' forthcoming "Larousse Gastronomique," said to be the longest single-volume cookery book ever written. Soon to be available here in English, it has been reprinted no less than ten times in France. The editing and translating job has taken three years, based directly on the French master Prosper Montagne's original. The manuscript, in spite of the deleting of obsolete or inaccurate information, runs 13,000 pages.

The late Escoffier himself wrote the original preface, and admitted frankly that the book put him under a spell. One type of guest which neither you nor Escoffier ever had or will have the pleasure of entertaining is the *geophagist*, described in this massive encyclopedia as various tribes in Asia, Africa, and America who eat clay soil. The clay is mixed into a paste with water, rolled into thin cakes, and grilled over charcoal. If pressed, you can also accommodate a guest who might want some such delicacy as a few broiled silkworms.



THE WORDS of the cookery and tavern are often strange to the ears of the novice, and Victor Gilbert, the mostly genial, sometimes abrasive, and always colorful gentleman who created the famous hostelry known as Stonehenge in Ridgefield, Connecticut, is probably the only man in the country who calls himself a "Skinker." The word "skink" is derived from the German *schinken*, and it means to draw out, or pour out, as drink. Actually, Mr. Gilbert does very little of that, what with an adequate staff to take care of both food and grog. But he does hold another special distinction. Before he was sidetracked into his profitable restaurateur profession, he planned to be an English professor, and wrote the only thesis he knows of on the English subjunctive.

"The whole premise," he told us, "is that we have lost the colorful phrasing of the true subjunctive, and now use the conditional in its place. I'd like to hear us use sentences like: 'Were I to have arrived earlier, I should not have missed you.' The language has gone flat."

But not completely, as far as Mr. Gilbert is concerned. We noticed a card on each of his tables reading: "In

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how casual can you get?

You'll never know until you leave your dinner jacket behind and relax on a Grace Line *Casual Cruise.* No cha-cha-cha, no everybody-on-deck-for-morning-games. Just 17 to 19 days of unwinding with a congenial group of two score and twelve. Food, service, and accommodations are superb. Discover how idyllic Caribbean and South American ports can be when you're off the beaten tourist-track. Air-conditioned cargo-passenger ships get away from New York every Friday. See your Travel Agent. Grace Line, 3 Hanover Square, New York 4.

accordance with the absurd 9 p.m. legal closing time, we are open Sunday only until nine."

THE WORDS of the hash-house slinger are a far cry from those of Escoffier and Mr. Gilbert, but they have a charm and vigor all their own. Ever since a lunch-counter genius dubbed poached eggs on toast "Adam and Eve on a raft," the counterman has been enriching the language with a good many economical phrases about food. But even the abbreviations breed abbreviations here. Back in the 1930s, hash-house artisans used to yell out: "One B.,L., and T!" for a bacon, lettuce and tomato sandwich. Today, the yell is: "One B-T!" And, for that same dish, the designation is with or without "mayo," short for mayonnaise, which owes its existence in the language to Port Mahon, capital of Minorca, where the sauce was in use as early as 1756.

SINCE WE CANNOT do without words, we'll have to continue to do with them. Film and television exponents do everything they can to replace them with letters: VTR, for videotape recording; ET, for electrical transcription; ECU, for extreme close-ups; OS, for off-screen; VO, for voice-over, and so forth. But Heimito von Doderer's new novel, "The Demons," just emerging under the Knopf imprint, will total 1,329 pages, which ought to bring more words back to the language. The same publisher will also try to prove that words are here to stay by publishing the current "Letters of H. L. Mencken," a selection culled from 50,000 letters.

The sheer size of "Larousse Gastronomique" will probably chain all its readers in the kitchen for hours to come. But no more than the chef who worked in the restaurant advertising "We cook any dish ever invented." A customer arrived and demanded an elephant sandwich. Within seconds, the solicitous waiter returned from the kitchen to say: "Sorry, sir. For just one customer, the chef doesn't want to start another elephant." —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1434)

VASARI:

LIVES OF THE ARTISTS

The love and care which Michelangelo lavished upon this group* were such that he carved his name upon it, on the ribbon that crosses the Virgin's bosom. This is the only work he ever signed. He gained great fame from this work.

*The Pietà in Rome.

NEW FALL 1961

VINTAGE BOOKS

THE TEMPTATION OF THE WEST
By ANDRÉ MALRAUX. Never before published in English.* 95¢

THE ART OF POETRY
By PAUL VALÉRY. Introduction by T. S. Eliot. $1.45

THE BOOK OF THE IT
By GEORG GRODDECK. Introduction by Lawrence Durrell. A rediscovered classic of psychoanalytic thought. $1.25

SOCIAL CHANGE IN LATIN AMERICA TODAY
Introduction by LYMAN BRYSON. $1.45

THE HUDSON REVIEW ANTHOLOGY
Edited by FREDERICK MORGAN.* $1.65

THE NEGRO VANGUARD
By RICHARD BARDOLPH. Biographies of Negro leaders instrumental in the fight for equality. $1.85

TALKS ON AMERICAN LAW
Edited by HAROLD J. BERMAN. Essays by Harvard Law School professors.* $1.25

MY MORTAL ENEMY
A novel by WILLA CATHER. 95¢

CONSCIOUSNESS AND SOCIETY
By H. STUART HUGHES. The Reconstruction of European Social Thought, 1890-1930. $1.85

THE TORRENTS OF SPRING
A novel by IVAN TURGENEV. $1.25

FOUR CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN PLAYS
Hellman's *Toys in the Attic,* Chayefsky's *The Tenth Man,* Hansberry's *A Raisin in the Sun,* Levitt's *The Andersonville Trial.** $1.45

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS, 1960
By RICHARD P. STEBBINS. $1.45

WINTER'S TALES
By ISAK DINESEN. $1.25

AFRICA: The Politics of Independence
By IMMANUEL WALLERSTEIN.* $1.25

Vintage RUSSIAN Library

PETER THE GREAT
By VASILI KLYUCHEVSKY. $1.25

RUSSIA ABSENT AND PRESENT
By WLADIMIR WEIDLÉ. Introduction by Hon. Richard Hare. A sophisticated, compassionate cultural history of Russia. 95¢

THE YEAR OF PROTEST, 1956
Edited by HUGH MCLEAN and WALTER N. VICKERY. Writings from the year of least official censorship.* $1.45

AN ANTHOLOGY OF RUSSIAN PLAYS: Volume One
Edited by F. D. REEVE.* $1.45

THE FALL OF THE RUSSIAN MONARCHY
By SIR BERNARD PARES. $1.85

* A VINTAGE ORIGINAL
Now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE

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This is the best seat in the biggest biology class in the world presented Monday through Friday over 183 stations of the CBS Television Network

Sitting in their favorite television chairs on Monday, September 25, the nation's viewers will begin their first day's instruction in "The New Biology," an important and fascinating 32-week course covering the latest advances in the study and knowledge of human life. It will be taught by Prof. Ray Koppelman of the University of Chicago who will present from time to time noted scientists in allied fields.

As the opening series of the Network's new educational program, COLLEGE OF THE AIR, presented in cooperation with the Learning Resources Institute, the daily half-hour program will be broadcast over the largest number of television stations ever to carry an educational series.

By arrangement with 145 colleges and universities the course will offer college credit to eligible viewers and will be of particular value to high school science teachers and college students in presenting the latest theories and techniques of biological research.

"The New Biology" will embrace not only the major historical concepts in the field, but examine the impact on biology of the latest discoveries in other sciences. It will come to grips with such problems as the biological consequences of atomic fallout, the control of reproduction through eugenics, and the implications of the population explosion.

Pointing up the value of the course to the general viewer, Professor Koppelman declares—"All these are things that the average layman in the not too distant future will have to be concerned with. And the better biological basis he has for thinking about them, the better off we will all be when the final decisions are made." COLLEGE OF THE AIR: *Consult your local newspaper listings for broadcast time.*

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Saturday Review
SEPTEMBER 23, 1961

HOW THE WORLD SEES THE UNITED STATES

By VIRGINIUS DABNEY,
editor, Richmond Times-Dispatch.

SOVIET RUSSIA's unilateral decision to resume nuclear testing is the greatest propaganda victory for the West since the Kremlin's bloody suppression of the Hungarian revolution, coming as it does after the closing of the gates of East Berlin to the Western world (and the Eastern).

But the position of America in world public opinion must rest, inevitably, not just on the negative standing of the Russians but on what we ourselves do as leaders of the West. Apart, then, from these recent events, what is the view of America from abroad?

"You and Soviet Russia are engaged in a stupid power struggle which makes no sense to me," a brilliant student at the University of Copenhagen told me as we sat in Frascati's café beside City Hall Square in the lovely capital of Denmark. "In giving us aid, you are simply trying to bribe us to take your side. Why should I feel gratitude? Kennedy's America and Khrushchev's Russia are equally obnoxious."

I was somewhat prepared for this outburst, for on a five weeks' tour of Europe from London to Moscow, I had found that the United States is viewed with suspicion, if not hostility, by an astonishing number of West Europeans.

Just before leaving for Europe not long ago, I received a letter from an American professor who was lecturing in a British University. He wrote that he got around a great deal, speaking to many different groups in the British Isles, teachers as well as students. Summing up his observations and impressions, he said: "There is a tremendous groundswell of opinion against the cold war and all its works, and I regret to say that we, rather than the Russians, seem to be held primarily responsible, although the dominant opinion apears to be a plague on both your houses."

Such an attitude in "the mother country," where the United States should be more favorably regarded than anywhere else, is truly dismaying. (And the professor's letter was written before the Cuban fiasco, so that the adverse opinions he reported were not in any degree the result of that dismal episode.) Since his contacts were largely in academic circles, with their sometimes supercilious view of Uncle Sam, it may, however, be true that he encountered a greater body of hostile opinion than exists among the British people as a whole.

No doubt, too, a part of the unfavorable impression he gained comes from the elements that put on demonstrations against our Polaris submarine base in Holy Loch, Scotland. It also stems from the type of thinking represented by the "Ban the Bomb" pacifist rallies in London under the leadership of Bertrand Russell, and by the huge blue and white streamer, bearing the words "Christians, Ban Nuclear Weapons," which I saw at Canterbury spanning the official residence of the "Red Dean."

The lack of enthusiasm for the United States in Europe would be less disturbing, of course, if it were largely confined to such groups as these. But the strongly critical attitude emerged clearly in an address delivered by the British historian Arnold Toynbee at Williamsburg, Virginia, as recently as last June. Dr. Toynbee said: "I would suggest that the destiny of our Western civilization turns on the issue of our struggle with all that Madison Avenue stands for more than it turns on the issue of our struggle

—*Behrendt in Algemeen Handelsblad, Amsterdam*

"There is a tremendous groundswell of opinion against the cold war and all its works."

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with Communism." Dr. Toynbee's view of the situation is of course startling, but taken in context is not quite so startling as it sounds. Dr. Toynbee wasn't exactly saying that the U.S. and its high-powered advertising techniques are greater threats to civilization than Soviet Russia and Red China. What he intended to convey, apparently, was that since, thanks to Madison Avenue, we spend an inordinate amount of time and labor trying to "find the money for buying material goods that we should never have dreamed of wanting if we had been left to ourselves," this constitutes a threat to the free world's future.

Toynbee's conclusion was that, in the spirit of the American Revolution, with its objectives of "freedom and justice for all men," we Americans should take these billions that are not being spent for "genuine needs," and join with other "affluent" Western nations in providing food, shelter, and clothing for the "economically depressed two-thirds or three-quarters of the human race." He felt that President Kennedy's goal of 1 per cent of the country's total annual national product for our foreign aid program ought to be "much larger."

The United States has dispensed some $86 billion in foreign aid to countries all over the world since 1945. Yet, since we appear to be less popular and more heavily on the defensive today than we have been for quite a while, the thesis that our foreign aid ought to be hugely expanded is something of a shocker.

Americans seem to be willing to continue this program, however, provided it is more efficiently managed, and waste and graft are eliminated. But U.S. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas said recently that the underdeveloped nations in Asia, the Middle East, and Africa are, in general, worse off for having received this "aid." He declared that the main impact "was to widen the gulf between rich and poor, helping to create the vacuum into which the Communists easily move."

Even Madison Avenue will hardly be able to sell the American people on Dr. Toynbee's proposal for vastly enlarged foreign aid. The distinguished historian's aspersions on Madison Avenue and the things it stands for—actually or supposedly—are typical of much European thinking. The faults of advertising in the United States, its calculated appeals on occasion to human vanity, cupidity, and greed, are cause for valid complaints. But many Europeans, with their fondness for socialism, fail to appreciate the crucially important role of advertising as a foundation stone of any free economy. Like every other business or profession, advertising has its sinners, even its scoundrels, but its essential function in speeding the flow of goods from manufacturer to distributor to consumer is not adequately appreciated abroad. Nor do many of the critics seem to be aware that advertising revenues make possible a free press. Without those revenues our press, and that of Great Britain, to name no others, would have to be subsidized, probably by the government.

Yet the yammering overseas about "Madison Avenue" seems to be well nigh endless. It is all a part of the distorted American "image" abroad of a rich, money-mad, vulgar, uncultured people.

Professor D. W. Brogan of Cambridge University, one of our more sympathetic and perceptive European critics, has written, perhaps half in jest: "It was not for nothing that the founders of the Republic adopted a proud Latin motto: *Novus ordo seclorum*, a new order of the ages. (You will find this device on one of the three sacred documents of the Republic: not on the Declaration, not on the Constitution, but on the dollar bill)."

President Calvin Coolidge once uttered the memorable words "The business of the United States is business." It was also Silent Cal who delivered himself of the none too ingratiating observation concerning the European debts to this country, growing out of

World War I: "They hired the money, didn't they?" Such pronouncements have helped to create antagonism toward the United States in the minds of Europeans, Asians, Africans, and Latin Americans.

There is also the important matter of jealousy. The United States has never been devastated in a foreign war, and its wartime casualty lists have been almost negligible by comparison with those of numerous other lands. Citizens of those countries, seeing prosperous Uncle Sam seated atop his moneybags, with by far the highest per capita income in the world, can hardly be blamed if they are sometimes envious.

Then, too, some of those countries have declined sharply in international power and prestige, while the United States has become the only Western nation capable of taking on Soviet Russia. This fact has rankled in many bosoms.

Generations ago, when Great Britain was the world's leading power, and the sun never set on her globe-girdling empire, the favorite sport of other peoples was taking pot shots at John Bull. "Hell, everybody twists the lion's tail nowadays," a speaker at the University of Virginia Institute of Public Affairs remarked in 1929, immediately after delivering an attack on Britain's policies and attitudes. It is noteworthy, however, that the British of that era didn't particularly care whether they were liked; they merely wanted to be respected. We in America do want to be liked, and we worry and fret and tear our hair when we see that we aren't.

Citizens and governments of many countries are irritated with us when they find our government unwilling to accept larger quantities of their goods, although barriers of one sort or another which they themselves have erected against shipments of American goods are by no means inconsiderable.

A further phase of this same problem is seen in wide differences of opinion that exist between the United States and some of its principal allies over trade with Soviet Russia and Red China, and over admission of Red China to the United Nations. Since we in this country consider international Communism to be a menace to our very existence—especially in view of Mr. Khrushchev's threat to "bury us"—we are not anxious to strengthen it by sending Peiping such vital commodities as chemical know-how and machine tool secrets. Nor do a great many Americans see anything to be gained by enhancing the prestige of Red China through admitting that predatory and blood-soaked power to the U.N.

Still another source of friction between the United States and the Western world is, of course, the race problem. Episodes having to do with that problem get huge play in the overseas press, with every clash and disagreement spread across the front pages. The antagonism thus aroused against Americans is seized upon by the Communist propaganda apparatus. Yet the claim of Soviet Russia that it has no racial prejudice is a fake.

Not only are the Jews in the USSR seriously discriminated against, but African students at Moscow University have been beaten up for talking to Russian girls. A hundred or more of these students have left the Soviet

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Union because of gross mistreatment. The executive committee of the African Students Union in Moscow recently issued a formal statement referring to "the deceits, the threats, the pressures, the brutality, and the discrimination with which the Soviet administrators and strategists have so often handled African and other foreign students."

Needless to say, hypocrisy in the Soviet Union does not justify improper or unfair attitudes toward Negroes in the United States. We in the United States have some distance to go before our race relations are made invulnerable to outside criticism.

BUT what is one to think of the comment in the *Guardian,* of Manchester, England, on Attorney General Robert Kennedy's declaration that within thirty to forty years a Negro may become President of the U.S.? The *Guardian* said that most of the uncommitted world will ask why a Negro cannot become President now. What could be more unrealistic? Is the newspaper seriously suggesting that Great Britain, for example, is ready at this time for a colored Prime Minister? Let us remember the Notting Hill and Middlesbrough riots, and also the fact that the British are only a few years removed from their long-maintained pukka-sahib attitude toward the "lesser breeds."

Some facts may be helpful in analyzing the American Negro problem. The Negro population of the U.S., totaling approximately 19,000,000 out of 180,000,000, has a per capita income of over $1,000 for every man, woman, and child—about equal to that of the average Briton, and several times that of the average Russian. U.S. Negroes own 4,500,000 automobiles. No fewer than 120,000 of them are attending colleges and universities in the U.S., as compared with a total enrollment of about 100,000 for all British institutions of higher learning. Other similar statistics might be given to show the progress made by this race in the United States, where it is only three or four generations removed from slavery.

But without appreciating the tremendous problems that exist for such a group, certain Europeans—many of whom have had no direct contact with other races and who know about race matters only from books—are never happier than when denouncing Americans for their racism and their bigotry.

Another thing that creates antagonism toward Americans is, of course, the oafish conduct of American tourists abroad. Travelers from the United States have often been embarrassed by the loud, ostentatious, and boorish behavior of a minority of their fellow countrymen overseas. Yet it is important to note that Americans are not usually detested *as individuals* in foreign lands; it is the policies of the United States and the attitudes of some of its business, labor, and other groups that come in for primary criticism. For example, the Danish student mentioned above as having lashed out at the U.S. had been extremely kind to my wife and me, and, like so many Danes, had gone out of his way to be courteous and helpful. He was, in fact, most reluctant to discuss his feelings concerning this country, until I insisted that he do so. But when he finally expressed his true sentiments, he almost bowled us over.

"Americans are hypocrites," he said. "You pretend that you are a democracy when you aren't. Your elections are corrupt, your businessmen are corrupt, your advertising is corrupt, your labor leaders are corrupt. You Americans are naïve in your attitude toward Soviet Russia. Khrushchev's threats are mere talk and not to be taken seriously. Hitler ranted in the same way, and look where Hitler is now. The United States is trying to dominate the world from an economic point of view and the Soviet Union says it wants to make the whole world Communist. One is as bad as the other."

This almost incredible appraisal of the two countries was not shaken in the least by my references to Hungary, the Baltic states, or any of the other areas that have been overrun and enslaved by the USSR.

Many Europeans share the view that Americans are juvenile in their attitude toward Communism. Consider the following from a recent editorial in the influential and respected London *Observer*: "To nearly all Americans, Communism is an evil as absolute as Nazism or murder, and anyone who questions this dogma must already be infected by the contagion."

Clearly, in the *Observer*'s view, Communism is *not* as evil as Nazism. In the opinion of most Americans, the horrible and systematic slaughter of the Jews by the Nazis would seem to have been approximately on a par with the Soviets' "liquidation of the kulaks [successful farmers] as a class," and the other wholesale butcheries by the Red regime in Russia. But a certain type of intellectual, not only in Great Britain but elsewhere in Europe, as well as in the United States, seems to think it sophisticated to minimize the Communist threat and nearly everything else Communism stands for.

AND in the process of minimizing it, this type of individual sometimes arrives at dismaying conclusions concerning the United States. To quote again from the London *Observer*: "It is part of President Kennedy's idealism, as his

"Meanwhile, see, *we'll* be knocking off the Loch Ness bank . . ."

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speeches show, that he sees himself as the leader of the forces of freedom everywhere. To him the Americans are still the vanguard of liberty who have allowed the Communists to evict us from our rightful estate as the head of this world-wide revolution." The trouble with this picture is that it is quite unrecognizable to anyone outside the United States. To the people of Asia, Africa, and Latin America, the United States is not a revolutionary power, but —although Americans can never believe this—the greatest and most powerful fulfillment of Western imperialism."

So now, when not only Western Europe but Asia, Africa, and Latin America are gravely threatened by the Communists—either through military attack or through infiltration, subversion, and sabotage—a particular type of intellectual in Europe and the United States pooh-poohs the threat. Not only that, but this element has managed to see to it that most European countries are doing far less than they should to prepare for the Communist onslaught.

At least one foreign journalist affirms that the West Europeans are lagging in their preparations. He is Peregrine Worthorne, chief political writer for the London *Sunday Telegraph*, who says: "America's allies do nothing positive to help. No wonder that Mr. Khrushchev, sensing her psychological isolation, feels sorely tempted to press home his advantage. But what could America's allies, particularly Britain and Western Europe, do to help? Part of the answer is that they could relieve the U.S. of some proportion of her present mammoth responsibility for the defense of Western Europe itself. At a time when American power is strained near to the breaking point by global commitments, it is surely wrong that so much of her attention goes to the one area that has the means of defending itself."

The United States is spending about $1 out of each $11 of total national income for defense, while Western Europe is spending only about $1 of every $20 for that purpose. Over against these figures is Soviet Russia's outlay of $1 out of every $5 on its military establishment.

The United States has a requirement of two years in the armed services for those who are drafted, whereas Great Britain has just abolished the draft, and most Western European countries have shorter terms for selective service than we do.

Yet despite the factors that indicate a lessening of American prestige and good will in Europe, a slight upward trend has been noted of late by some

(*Continued on page* 51)

LITERARY HORIZONS

The Subtler Corruptions

By Granville Hicks

CARSON McCULLERS began her career at the age of twenty-two with the publication of one of the most remarkable novels of modern times, "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter." It is a work of the highest originality, strange, powerful, and profound. Like "Wuthering Heights," it makes the reader feel that the creative act is sometimes an inscrutable mystery.

In the twenty years since "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" appeared, Mrs. McCullers has written comparatively little, and, not surprisingly, nothing she has done is quite so good as her first book. On the other hand, everything she has written is distinguished, and if she has not reached that particular height again, she has soared higher than most contemporary writers of fiction. There is magic in many parts of "The Member of the Wedding," and great power in "The Ballad of the Sad Cafe."

"**Clock Without Hands**" (Houghton Mifflin, $4) is her first novel in a long time, and many of us have been eagerly—and rather anxiously—waiting for it. Again one has to say that Mrs. McCullers has not equaled "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," but this is nonetheless a fine novel. The familiar themes are here—identity, the meaning of life, the nature of love—and, as always, they

McCullers

THE AUTHOR: Ever since a novelist told me that the theatre was an art manqué, meaning something less than an art, and I got so mad that I nearly drove my car through the lowered gates of an Italian railroad crossing and smack into the *Rapido* from Naples to Rome, I have thought it best to limit my personal encounter with other writers almost as strictly as collisions should be limited between two speeding vehicles in any country. And yet somehow I have managed to make many close and deeply satisfying friendships with other writers, such as Paul and Jane Bowles, Gore Vidal, Truman Capote, Donald Windham, William Inge, Alberto Moravia, and, perhaps most of all, with Carson McCullers, despite the long periods in which we lived in very separate parts of the world. Let's face the fact that the almost constantly irritated sensibilities of writers make it difficult for them to get along together as well as they should. This is especially true between novelists and playwrights. Novelists have the idea that playwrights are the pecuniary favorites of fortune, and they have some justification in this suspicion. Novelists and poets seem to be expected to live on air and subsidies, usually meager, while it is embarrassingly true that playwrights are recipients of comparatively large royalties, have Diners' Club cards, eat at Sardi's, and can travel first class. And so, on the surface, which is always misleading, they appear to be the favorites of fortune, and it is quite understandable and forgivable that their poet and novelist friends are tempted to goad them about the impurities of their medium.

Yet when this invidious attitude is dispelled, it can be agreeable for them to get together. The playwright must put aside his envy of the poet's or novelist's connection with a purer medium, and the novelist or the poet must have the good sense and sensibility to see that the material advantages of the playwright are incidental.

Carson McCullers and I have never had this embarrassment between us, although she is more consistently a writer of fiction than a playwright. From the moment of our first meeting, Carson, with her phenomenal understanding of another vulnerable being, felt nothing for me but that affectionate compassion that I needed so much and that she can give so freely, more freely than anyone else I know in the world of letters.

On the island of Nantucket, the summer of 1946, we worked at op-

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are dealt with perceptively. The difference between this and "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" is that in the first novel everything that happens seems inevitable whereas here some things seem made up. But how many novels are wholly free from contrivance?

There are only four important characters, all of them male. We begin with J. T. Malone, a forty-year-old druggist in Milan, Georgia, who, in 1953, has just learned that he has leukemia. He cannot believe that he is going to die, but he comes to perceive that life had begun to slip away from him long before he was stricken with disease. ("Unable to think of the reality of his own death, he was thrown back into the tedious labyrinth of his life. He had lost himself . . . he realized that surely. But how? When?") In the end he finds himself—"He was no longer a man watching a clock without hands"—and is able to face death.

Malone's friend, a man he greatly admires, is Judge Clane, a former Congressman and, as he frequently finds occasion to point out, a leading citizen of Milan and of the state. At eighty-five the Judge is eager for more of life, just as much more as possible, but at the same time infirmities have come upon him, and his days and nights are full of weariness. Boredom and the will to live, as Mrs. McCullers delicately shows, march side by side. The old man, a lifelong advocate of white supremacy and the Southern cause, pins his senile hopes on a scheme for the redemption of the Confederate currency.

LIVING with the judge is his seventeen-year-old grandson, Jester, whose father committed suicide before he was born. Handsome, intelligent, popular, Jester is nevertheless full of problems. The mystery of his father's death erodes his sense of his own identity, and though he has already begun to challenge his grandfather's dogmas, he does not know what he believes. Like so many of Mrs. McCullers's characters, he is longing for love—not to be loved but to love.

The fourth and the most important character is a blue-eyed Negro of about Jester's age, Sherman Pew. A foundling, Sherman has his own problem of identity, which in a sad fashion he solves, but Mrs. McCullers is less concerned with that than she is with his effect on other characters. He is only marginal in Malone's life, though from the beginning he is a disturbing presence and in the end he is, by accident, the means of Malone's redemption. To Judge Clane and Jester he is central. The Judge hires him as houseboy, but he really serves, for a time, as substitute son, to be alienated by the Judge's blind prejudices, just as Jester's father was alienated. As for Jester, he falls in love with Sherman. ("The passion of first youth is lightly sown but strong.")

In an important sense this is a novel about the race problem. His views on race color the whole of Judge Clane's life and are responsible for a good share of his sorrows. It is these views that stand between him and his grandson, as they stood between him and his son, and one has no doubt that Jester's whole life will be affected by his rejection of them. As for Sherman Pew, the race problem is necessarily his life, and it turns out to be his death. Even J. T. Malone, who has a weighty problem of his own, cannot escape from the burden of responsibility that injustice imposes.

But Mrs. McCullers is not trying to underline the obvious fact that there is a problem, nor has she a solution she wants to thrust upon us; her purpose is to show the problem at the deepest possible level, as it penetrates the secret recesses of human souls. As she demonstrates in her account of the offhand killing of a Negro known as Crown Boy, she is sensitive to injustice and hates the casual brutality that prejudice engenders, but her real concern is with subtler kinds of corruption.

As always, she writes about the mysterious operations of love. Singer in "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" is transformed by his love for Antonapoulos, who is both indifferent and unworthy. Frankie in "The Member of the Wedding" becomes a different person when she decides that her brother and his bride are "the we of me." No one could be more grotesque than Cousin Lymon in "The Ballad of the Sad Cafe," but Miss Amelia loves him with a mighty passion. So here Jester's love for Sherman Pew is unsuitable and unreciprocated, but its importance for him is incalculable. (Characteristically,

(*Continued on page* 49)

posite ends of a table, she on a dramatization of "The Member of the Wedding" and I on "Summer and Smoke," and for the first time I found it completely comfortable to work in the same room with another writer. We read each other our day's work over our after-dinner drinks, and she gave me the heart to continue a play that I feared was hopeless.

When I told her that I thought my creative powers were exhausted, she said to me, wisely and truly, an artist always feels that dread, that terror, when he has completed a work to which his heart has been so totally committed that the finishing of it seems to have finished him too, that what he lives for is gone like yesteryear's snow.

At the end of that summer's work I became very ill, and only a few months later so did she, with a mysterious paralysis of her right arm. I have such a fierce resistance to physical illness that I continually push it back; Carson's strength is enormous but primarily exists in her spirit. From 1947 to the present year she has been, as many interested in American writing know, a gallant invalid. She has lived with that paralysis of the right arm and with an excruciating series of operations to correct it, yet all the while she has never surrendered to it. During those fourteen years she has kept on working steadily and with all the creative and personal distinction that makes her an inspiring figure to us relative weaklings. She has completed two plays of the most impressive quality, and at the same time she has given us stories and poems of the purest distinction.

And all this time, these fourteen years, she has also been working on her fifth novel, "Clock Without Hands."

Before I went abroad last spring, she told me that she felt she couldn't complete it, that she had paid out all her strength. Then I reminded her of what she had told me, those fourteen years ago, that at the end, or near it, of a work to which the artist's heart is totally committed, he always feels that dread, that terror which is greater than the fear of death.

When I returned from abroad, two and a half months later, an advance copy of the completed novel was waiting for me in Key West.

If I hadn't known before that Carson is a worker of miracles, this work would surely have convinced me of it, for without any sign of the dreadful circumstances under which she accomplished it, this work was once again a thing set on paper as indelibly as if it had been carved onto stone. Here was all the stature, nobility of spirit, and profound understanding of the lonely, searching heart that make her, in my opinion, the greatest living writer of our country, if not of the world. —TENNESSEE WILLIAMS.

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Prelude to Holocaust

"The Demons," by Heimito von Doderer, *translated by Richard and Clara Winston (Knopf. 2 Vols. 1,329 pp. $13.50), introduces to Americans a major Austrian novelist, a multitude of whose characters in this work have succumbed to a less than real reality. Claude Hill, head of Rutgers University's graduate German program, often discusses modern German literature.*

By Claude Hill

IT IS not often that the American reader is introduced to a new German writer of the first order. It is even rarer that the opus of a relative novice turns out to be a mammoth novel of 1,329 pages. With publishing and translating costs what they are, such an undertaking obviously rests on a belief in the literary significance of the venture. In the case of Heimito von Doderer's "The Demons" that expectation is justified. Not since Thomas Mann's "Felix Krull" has a work of similar stature been translated from German into English. Those who are interested in the contemporary novel, and have previously discovered Musil and Broch in the Austro-German corner, will have to reckon with Doderer from now on. As the *Times Literary Supplement* of London stated in 1957, he is "the most formidable German-speaking novelist now living."

Who is Doderer? He is a sixty-five-year-old Austrian who was only a minor writer until he published a 900-page novel, "Die Strudlhofstiege," ten years ago, which, incidentally, is a kind of introduction to "The Demons" and linked with most of the major characters of the latter work in various ways. (The author called it a "ramp" to the highly elevated "hill" of the second novel.) The action—or whatever there is of it—in "The Demons" takes place during nine months prior to the burning of the Austrian Supreme Court Building by the mob on July 15, 1927. There is no linear plot but scores of episodes involving persons of all professional and social strata: government officials, writers, artists, wealthy widows, eligible bachelors, officers of the nobility, adventurers, prostitutes, murderers, a solitary worker, and various children. Although it is often difficult to see the characters clearly since they occasionally refer to events told in "Die Strudlhofstiege," Doderer has sketched them with considerable skill.

Heimito von Doderer—"aims at reconquest of reality."

There is no doubt that, on one level at least, the novel is political-historical: it recounts an era before an event that the author seems to consider the Austrian equivalent of Hitler's Reichstag fire in 1933. On page 17 he says:

> Terrible things took place in my native land in this, my native city, at a time long after the grave and lighthearted stories I wish to relate here had come to an end. And one thing that lay curled amorphous and germinal within the events that I must recount, emerged dripping blood, took on a name, became visible to the eye which had been almost blinded by the vortex of events, shot forth, and was, even in its beginnings, recognizable—gruesomely inconspicuous and yet distinctly recognizable for what it was.

It would be a mistake, however, to read "The Demons" as a fictional analysis of Austrian conditions leading to Hitler's *Anschluss*. To be sure, Doderer is a trained historian with a Ph.D. in medieval history, but he is primarily a literary craftsman with highly original views on the novel as a form of art. He has studied the modern pioneers like Proust, E. M. Forster, Gide, Joyce, Musil, Mann, and come up with several curious theories of his own. Here are some of them: 1) form has priority over content; 2) the symphony (after Beethoven) is the "sister" of the novel (here he follows Mann without giving him credit); 3) the novel is based on memory (Proust) and must relate the past; 4) too much reflection leads to the "pathological novel" (Joyce, Musil); 5) the modern novel must be written on two levels of language—the narrative-descriptive and the analytical, and they must be kept in proper balance. Doderer rejects most writers who are conscious of the "end character" of the modern novel (Mann, Musil) and it almost follows logically that he also rejects depth psychology and Freud. Instead, he calls himself a naturalistic writer and aims at a reconquest of reality, which he believes to be in a state of erosion. The result is a curious mixture of modern and old-fashioned points of view. Fortunately, his narrative talent is ahead of his somewhat muddled theories.

The clue to Doderer seems to be a monumental disillusionment he personally experienced as a member of the nobility between the collapse of the Austrian Empire in 1918 and the *Götterdämmerung* of 1945. While he shares with most modern writers a sense of disintegration of traditional values and a profound skepticism toward conventional psychology, he throws, so to speak, the child out with the tub, by abandoning psychological probing entirely. People are simply placed in situations that confront them. He only reports and describes—many times exceedingly well—but he deliberately confines himself to the surface. This may frequently exasperate the reader, who is always thrown upon his own resources of judgment, including his sense of the important and the trivial (which often differs from that o. the author).

Doderer believes that not all phenomena in the modern world have the same degree of reality and most people seek refuge in a second (thinner) reality, which, if allowed to grow malignantly, will destroy them. Health is restored when the second reality "bursts." Here we can see Doderer's affinity to the pipe dreams of an O'Neill and the obsessions of a Tennessee Williams—in short, to modern world literature and to existentialism. It also explains the title of the novel, borrowed from the German translation of Dostoevsky's "The Possessed." Nearly all of his characters are sickly because they have allowed a second reality to

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dominate them. They are forerunners of what was to come in Austria; totalitarianism simply means the collective superimposition of the wrong reality.

Although Doderer shrinks from explaining his characters, he is aware of their complexities and tries to do justice to their multiple behavior potentials by presenting them stereometrically: we see them in varying and simultaneous perspectives. Like all modern writers he experiments with time and space. He uses a narrator, interjects diaries, shifts between the first and third person, and reverses the sequence of time. The result is a vast canvas of Viennese society embellished with interesting, often scurrilous characters and interwoven with fascinating episodes.

Ably translated by Richard and Clara Winston and handsomely printed, this huge novel presents a challenge to the sophisticated reader, who is advised to start on page 21 and to leave the *ouverture* (which, similar to Wagner's "Meistersinger," introduces all major themes) to retrospective reflection. He may occasionally get lost in the engulfing labyrinth of 143 characters and their seemingly strange meanderings (and wish for a map of Vienna!), but he will never escape the rare sensation of being in the company of a brilliant writer.

The Southside Story

"Three Novels by Daniel Fuchs" *(Basic Books. 314 pp. $7.95), written during the Thirties, are concerned with encounters between the sensitive and the brutal in Depression-era Brooklyn. SR film critic Hollis Alpert is also a novelist and short-story writer.*

By Hollis Alpert

DANIEL FUCHS published three novels between 1934 and 1937, and then stopped writing books. One of the most talented of novelists to emerge during the Thirties, he had the least heartening of receptions. Richly original and humorous as the books were, the first, "Summer in Williamsburg," sold four hundred copies; the next, "Homage to Blenholt," sold exactly the same amount, and the third, "Low Company," reached a high point of twelve hundred copies sold. Fuchs can certainly be forgiven for taking what seemed to be a hint on the part of the public, and turning to short stories for *The New Yorker* and other magazines, and eventually to screenwriting.

How much of the blame for his neglect should be placed at the door of his original publishers, Vanguard, is hard to say. Not only did the books fail to sell, but Fuchs for a time was a virtual unknown, in spite of his having turned out three of the best American novels of the decade.

Nevertheless, he slowly became known, mostly to fellow writers, and to serious critics like Alfred Kazin and Irving Howe. Secondhand book dealers began quoting high prices for the available copies of the three volumes. And now they are brought together in one volume, as a sort of trilogy, by Basic Books, an act of what must be considered responsible publishing. They go very well together, for the *milieu* of all three is Brooklyn of the mid-Thirties, and taken together they represent the solid achievement of an author of high stature.

As I write this, I notice that Fuchs has already been treated snidely, on his re-emergence, by *Time* magazine —a few clever remarks, and the same grudging praise with which he was greeted the first time around. "The books," writes Fuchs in a moving little preface to the new volume, "became odious to me." It was not only the lack of sales that caused this feeling, but what he calls "the scanty, immaterial reviews." Nevertheless, the "passionate few" have been working on his behalf, and will undoubtedly continue to do so.

I was fortunate enough to encounter the novels at a relatively early age, being introduced first to "Homage to Blenholt" by a teacher in Philadelphia. At first I thought Fuchs might be one more member of the school of social realism, prevalent at the time, but though the book was firmly rooted in the tenement life of Brooklyn it was not trying to say that life was terrible and that the class struggle was the answer, but rather that life, wherever it was, had beauty and terror and comedy. The comedy in "Homage to Blenholt" was the best kind, funny and pathetically human at the same time. Poor Max Balkan, living in Williamsburg, dreaming of the fortunes he will someday make and disburse, is to be found everywhere and in every time, and when his dreams of empire—based on an idea for bottling onion juice—are shattered, he becomes every man who must make his sad, compromising adjustment to reality. The homage he pays to Blenholt, the dead Commissioner of Sewers, is the homage paid by the sensitive man to those hard-hearted and insensitive enough to get what they want.

As vivid as young Max Balkan is his old father, once a Yiddish actor, now walking the streets dressed as a clown, carrying the sandwich boards that advertise Madame Clara's Beauty Salon. He doesn't say much, but he knows the tragedy of his son, and philosophically and gently suffers for him. If I have implied that all this is sad, it isn't really. A warm glow of humor, rising at times to hilarity, plays over the Balkan family, over Mendel Menves, the etymologist who becomes a delicatessen owner, over Coblentz, the wild man who plays the races and wins impossibly in one of the most delightful sequences of the book.

Hardly had I finished "Homage to Blenholt" when "Low Company" appeared, and I was able to get a copy before it disappeared from the bookstores. A darker vein of violence ran through the book, but the wild humor and the richness of characterization were still there. Fuchs again managed to find a profound and delectable irony in the most unprepossessing of places, nothing less than a Coney Island soda fountain. Here was a new and marvelous gallery of people: Shorty, the soda jerker; Mme. Pavlovna, the fat corsetière he attempts to woo, and Shubunka, a

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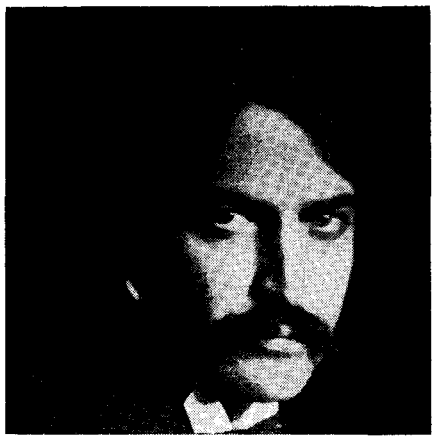
strangely haunting, evil, and pitiable figure, the operator of a string of brothels. The latter's terror begins when a "syndicate" moves into his area. "Murder me," he calls out to the night in which the hoods seem to be lurking. "It is only what I deserve."

I came to "Summer in Williamsburg" last, because of the difficulty of obtaining it, and was not prepared for it to be as good as it is. The vogue for young literary geniuses had not yet begun, and it was hard to imagine that anyone at the age of twenty-four could be so mature and comprehending and at the same time so fully formed as a novelist. Very few writers are able to evoke anything out of the environment that depressed them as they grew. Fuchs has been compared to James T. Farrell, but it is clear now that he had greater gifts than Farrell, and did much more than transcribe. His dialogue, from the very beginning, had a flavor of its own; while seemingly realistic it is as artful as Hemingway's or O'Hara's, and read aloud it usually makes one laugh. In this book, as in the others, there are the sensitive and the brutal; they encounter and are astonished by each other, and Fuchs judges not, for they are all human.

Reading the novels again, I was fearful that they might not hold up, but time has neither dimmed nor darkened them, and I suspect they are more readable and compelling today, if only because the problems are different now, and we can meet all of the author's wonderful people simply as people and not as representatives of a condition. They are fixed now, the nice ones, the evil ones, the old, the young, as a wonderful tapestry of "low life" captured with unsentimental warmth. "These three novels," the jacket tell us, "constitute a minor American classic." What exactly, I find myself wondering, is so minor about them?



Stephen Crane—"a truthful interpretation."

Red Badge of Suffering

"Dark Rider: A Novel Based on the Life of Stephen Crane," by Louis Zara *(World. 505 pp. $6.95), adds dialogue and gestures to the documented history of a fabulous man. Gay Wilson Allen, who wrote "Solitary Singer," teaches literature at New York University*

By Gay Wilson Allen

A FULL biography of Stephen Crane has been long overdue. When Thomas Beer wrote his impressionistic study (1923) he had access to only a few of the basic documents, and even some of the facts he did know, such as the sensational career of Crane's common-law wife, Cora "Taylor," the Crane relatives did not permit him to use. In 1950 John Berryman published his biography with only slightly more information than Beer had, and part of this he twisted to fit his psychoanalytical interpretations. Last year Lillian Gilkes published a detailed, elaborately documented, and thoroughly reliable biography of Cora Crane. Perhaps a little deficient in style, it was far superior to any existing biography of Stephen Crane.

Except for the fact that Louis Zara's "Dark Rider" is "a novel based on the life of Stephen Crane," it might almost answer the need for a good biography of this fabulous man. Mr. Zara has evidently done a great amount of scholarly research, and he has had access to a wealth of material now open to students of Crane in libraries and private collections. Moreover, Crane's life itself was so dramatic that the talents of a professional novelist are needed to present it in the most effective manner. It would be a rare biographer who could capture the reader's sympathy and imagination as completely as Mr. Zara does.

This reader found slightly sticky a passage at the beginning when the baby in rompers is playing near the breakers and dreaming of "the black riders of the sea," which the poet described in verse when he was twenty-four. But there are few scenes that are overdramatized or sentimentalized, and the emotional tensions of Crane's Methodist family, the pathos of his Bowery period, and his final tragic months in England are presented with great vividness and skill.

A biography in novel form, however, has its disadvantages. The most serious is that the reader does not know where fact ends and imagination begins. Basically, "Dark Rider" is a truthful interpretation of Crane's life but, obviously, most of the dialogue had to be invented and embellished with imagined gestures and appropriate actions (like the "business" in a play). In the absence of any notes on sources (which one does not expect in a novel), the reader cannot sort out fact from fiction without doing a great deal of research himself. This is the inevitable gulf between straight and fictionalized biography.

"Dark Rider" gives the spirit of Stephen Crane's life, and is as interesting to read as a well-written, suspense-filled novel. But it does not answer the need for a full, documented, strictly factual life. However, it may attract more readers than a biography would, and these readers will not get a false impression of Crane, his friends, or the times and places in which he lived and wrote. The boyish Stephen Crane breathes in this book; the precocious artist of the "Red Badge" and "Black Riders" is less substantial, less convincing—as indeed he was to his contemporaries.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 948

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 948 will be found in the next issue.

THQBS XCHASB THEFQTN;
HDEST L FST KFH FLB
PSCSZO ZLQG LT SNN
MLMJZSB LB QD BFS FLG
ZLQG LT LBESCHQG.
PLCJ EKLQT.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 947

Conceit is God's gift to little men.
—BRUCE BARTON.

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Stranger in His Own Country

Ralph Blum—"where . . . peers have proceeded with caution, he has plunged."

"The Foreigner," by Ralph Blum *(Atheneum. 375 pp. $4.95), follows the quixotic efforts of an expatriate Sicilian to Americanize his homeland and extramaritally conceived son. Herbert Kubly wrote "Easter in Sicily" and "Varieties of Love."*

By Herbert Kubly

THE FOREIGNER in this first novel is the author. Where older and wiser peers have proceeded with caution, he has plunged, attempting fiction about an alien land and an alien culture. Successful novels about foreign countries, especially by Anglo-Saxons about Italians, are rare. Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry James, Edith Wharton, and E. M. Forster succeeded by writing of fellow Anglo-Americans in Italy, building their stories on the contrasts and conflicts of two cultures. The only recently successful novel about Italians by a non-Latin that comes to mind is "The Devil's Advocate," by an Australian, Morris West. For the writing of his superb story Mr. West had two admirable qualifications: he had lived for several years with southern Italians, and he is a Roman Catholic.

The brash, twenty-nine year-old author of "The Foreigner" (since his Harvard days, according to Mr. Blum's note, a foundation remittance man) has written about Sicily during the 1943 weeks of Fascism's collapse. The three characters upon whom he focuses are Rinaldo Leone, a Sicilian emigrant to New York who brings the body of his wife back to the island for burial and is trapped there by the war; a Sicilian woman named Luisa, whom Rinaldo seduced twenty years ago on the night of his wedding to the defunct Clara, and Matteo, Rinaldo's son by Luisa, fruit of the misdirected honeymoon impulse. Waiting out the war, Rinaldo marries Luisa and plans, after liberation by American soldiers, to take her and Matteo to America and make an architect of the boy. The father-son conflict is the theme of the book.

The plot is harder to pinpoint, though there is incident enough. Rinaldo gets mixed up in a ridiculous Separatist movement (his accepting Sicily as a forty-ninth U.S. state "on behalf of President Roosevelt and my dear old friend Fiorello La Guardia," is Sicilian-American caricature at its worst). He has a riotous night in a bordello with "the biggest whore Rinaldo had ever seen in his life," and makes a foot pilgrimage to Messina to find Matteo, who is a Red Cross worker in a hospital there. Matteo visits an Easter orgy in a mountain village and makes love with a young aristocratic girl named Nella. But his shy overtures are more virginal American than amorous Sicilian. Luisa, packing and unpacking her linens, nervously smoking cigarettes, is a pasteboard character.

The trouble is that, while the setting is Sicily, none of these things is happening to Sicilians. One has the feeling after a time that the unrelated episodes of Rinaldo and Matteo are really a device for the incorporation of a series of impressions in a foreigner's travelogue. There are none of the passionate Sicilians of a Verga or Vittorini, no cool-visioned Leopardi aristocrats, no oppressed Danilo Dolci peasants or fishermen. At best the characters are transplanted American stereotypes. The Sicily they live in is not Sicilian at all.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

LETTER IN LETTER OUT

Here are a dozen pairs of words, assembled by Robert E. Stevens of Carson City, Nevada, which become different words by the process of altering the first and last letters in each pair. (Examples: *history, distort; candid, bandit; tigresses, digressed.* This week's assortment lists, as the second unit in each pair, the name of a work by a famous author or composer whose own name is the (b) word in every instance. Answers on page 22.

1. (a) made a motion picture — — — — — — —
   (b) "Trees" — — — — — — —
2. (a) small centipede — — — — — — —
   (b) "On the Origin of Species" — — — — — — —
3. (a) facades — — — — — — —
   (b) "Jane Eyre" — — — — — — —
4. (a) vending — — — — — — —
   (b) "Norma" — — — — — — —
5. (a) stunned condition — — — — — — —
   (b) D Minor Symphony — — — — — — —
6. (a) coats with gold — — — — —
   (b) "Salome" (play) — — — — —
7. (a) legendary Greek hero — — — — — — — —
   (b) "Wilhelm Tell" (play) — — — — — — — —
8. (a) transmission of characteristics — — — — — — — —
   (b) "The Egoist" — — — — — — — —
9. (a) large bay window — — — — —
   (b) Piano Concerto in A Minor — — — — —
10. (a) sage hen — — — — — —
    (b) "Remembrance of Things Past" — — — — — —
11. (a) be in readiness for — — — — —
    (b) "A Tramp Abroad" — — — — —
12. (a) basic part — — — — — — —
    (b) same as 11(b) — — — — — — —

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Revival in Eire

"Lady Gregory: A Literary Portrait," by Elizabeth Coxhead *(Harcourt, Brace & World. 259 pp. $5.95), is the first biography of the staunch Irishwoman who was a founding director of the Abbey Theatre and one of its distinguished playwrights. Harry T. Moore, research professor at Southern Illinois University, is editing a collection of letters written about Dublin's Abbey by Lady Gregory and her co-director of that theatre, W. B. Yeats.*

By Harry T. Moore

LADY GREGORY's strong face looks out from the illustrations in this book as if sternly pleased with Elizabeth Coxhead's biography, which rather aggressively upgrades the late Irish folklorist, playwright, and Abbey Theatre director. This is a pioneer work, which will be followed in time by another study of Lady Gregory for which Kevin Sullivan is now researching in Ireland.

A latecomer to literature, Lady Gregory was crowding fifty when at the end of the last century she strode into the hurly-burly of the Irish literary wars. Against fierce opposition she helped to get the Abbey going, and, as the years passed, she fought for Synge, although she disliked his controversial "Playboy" comedy, and she encouraged O'Casey, the playwright from the slums. Toward the end of her life (she died in 1932) she used her failing strength in heroic efforts to wrench away from England the collection of French Impressionist paintings that her nephew, Sir Hugh Lane, had intended to bequeath to Ireland. Miss Coxhead shows that a compromise has at last turned this apparently lost battle into at least a partial victory.

Born Isabella Augusta Persse, Lady Gregory was married for a dozen years to a former diplomat, and the editing of his posthumous papers was the beginning of her literary career. Early in her widowhood she established one of the liveliest centers of the Celtic renascence at her country house at Coole, whose "wild swans," "ancestral trees," and "gardens rich in memory" have been made by William Butler Yeats into familiar properties of modern poetry. Miss Coxhead, who believes that he has received too much applause for his share in the Irish revival, says, in examining his rumored affair with Lady Gregory, that "nobody loved Yeats," and goes on to show him as ill and poor when young, "cosseted" by his Coole hostess for pure literary love.

As Miss Coxhead notes, there is no watertight evidence for Oliver St. John Gogarty's assertion, supposedly encouraged by Yeats himself, that Lady Gregory's poet-friend wrote her best plays. Rather, as Miss Coxhead points out, some of the finest parts of Yeats's dramatic compositions were the handiwork of Lady Gregory, whom Bernard Shaw once compared to Molière as a playwright. Unfortunately, in trying to put her across as an important dramatist, Miss Coxhead too often merely describes the plays instead of providing critical evaluations of them beyond general statements as to the merits they undeniably possess. Miss Coxhead, incidentally, says that one of them, "Grania," has not yet been staged professionally, and she quotes the *Irish Times* to the effect that it has never been performed at all. But was the professional Ram's Head Players' production in Washington in 1923, featuring Josephine Hutchinson as a Grania with orange hair vivid against a rich green robe—was this just a Celtic dream?

By using new documents and centering her study in a figure usually given secondary treatment, Miss Coxhead has made a valuable contribution to the literature about the Irish renascence and has provided fresh perspectives on the whole subject. In the essentially biographical parts of the book she brings her energetic and courageous heroine alive on the page without resorting to the quackery of novelized reconstructions. But, however important it may be to ascertain who wrote which plays, no one really helps Lady Gregory's cause by pecking away at Yeats, who is after all one of the half-dozen great modern poets and hardly a "cold genius." He and Lady Gregory are not buckets in a well, one of which goes up when the other is lowered. Lady Gregory can ascend in her own right, which she does in the affirmative passages of this book, as a woman of remarkable abilities and audacious determination, admirable in her own kind of sturdy greatness.

A Woman's Prerogatives

"Morning Star: A Biography of Lucy Stone, 1818-1893," by Elinor Rice Hays *(Harcourt, Brace & World. 312 pp. $5.75), brings into focus a militant suffragette. Alma Lutz wrote "Susan B. Anthony: Rebel, Crusader, Humanitarian" and a life of Elizabeth Cady Stanton.*

By Alma Lutz

A BIOGRAPHY of Lucy Stone has been long overdue, but because she kept no record of her activities, left no diaries, written speeches, or reminiscences, and refused to cooperate with the authors of the "History of Woman Suffrage" (1881-1886), with whose policies she disagreed, there has been little material at hand for historians and biographers, and she has not had the notice she deserved. Now Elinor Rice Hays has given us an interesting account of the busy years of this courageous, sometimes puzzling woman. Mrs. Hays has had access to the Blackwell Papers, never before available to a biographer, excepting Alice Stone Blackwell, whose creditable biography of her mother was published in 1930.

The chapters dealing with Lucy Stone's early, militant years are full of vitality. Rebelling against the hardships and injustice in the lives of the women among whom she grew up, their unending toil, frequent childbearing, and subservience to stern husbands, she resolved never to follow in their footsteps but to obtain an education so that she could earn her living by teaching. She noted too the prejudice against education for daughters. Eventually she was able to enroll in the first college to admit women, Oberlin College in Ohio.

Here she took her stand for equal rights in education, refusing to have her commencement speech read for her by a man as was the custom. Here she met abolitionists, and through their in-

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fluence decided to devote her life to speaking against Negro slavery and for women as well, for, as she expressed it, "I must speak for the women." She continued "to speak for the women" all through her life, but most effectively during the 1840s and 1850s, when a woman on the lecture platform was not only a curiosity but defied all the rules of propriety. In 1847, before the First Woman's Rights Convention (1848), she was pleading for a change in the laws relating to women, "the first speaker who really stirred the nation's heart on woman's wrongs," magnetic and eloquent. She was a sponsor of the First National Woman's Rights Convention in 1850, and from then on was a featured speaker at woman's rights and antislavery conventions, the highly valued colleague of Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

HER marriage to Henry B. Blackwell in 1855 was a difficult step for her to take, although he was most understanding and drew up with her a marriage contract protesting against and repudiating the laws that gave a husband complete control over his wife, her person, children, property, and earnings. She also kept her own name. She never fully adjusted to marriage, her zeal for reform conflicting with her desire more fully to accept the responsibilities of marriage and motherhood; and the emotional struggle often affected her health.

Gradually differences with Susan B. Anthony developed, growing more intense after the Civil War over the handling of the woman suffrage movement. Lucy Stone was willing to support the Fifteenth Amendment although it did not enfranchise female as well as male Negroes, and Miss Anthony and Mrs. Stanton were not. She was indignant over their association with George Francis Train, over their paper, the *Revolution*, with Mrs. Stanton's liberal editorials, and later over the Victoria Woodhull episode. The result was the formation of two woman suffrage organizations in 1869 and the establishment of the more conservative *Woman's Journal* with Lucy Stone as an editor. The one-time militant grew more conservative through the years, even suggesting that Boston University offer students expurgated texts of the classics. And her views on labor unions were reactionary.

Mrs. Hays relates her differences with Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Stanton in detail, but her sympathies are clearly with Lucy Stone. She fails to understand Susan B. Anthony, quoting her to her disadvantage and emphasizing her brusqueness. There will be disagreement with some of her conclusions. What is of importance is not the discord, but the great contribution each group made to the cause.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Lucy Stone: "I must speak for the women."

All Around the Family Tree

***"A Casual Past," by Francis Biddle** (Doubleday. 309 pp. $5.95), reminisces about the early days and early career of the former Attorney General of the United States. Cleveland Amory, "First of the Month" columnist for SR, is the author of the recently reissued "The Last Resorts," as well as the current "Who Killed Society?"*

By Cleveland Amory

THIS book starts with a family tree frontispiece reading, "My Descent from Colonel William Randolph of Turkey Island" and closes with a similar endpaper reading "My Descent from William Biddle." In between, in print of such small size that the Messrs. Doubleday should be ashamed of themselves, are some 400 pages that take the author from some 250 years before his birth up to the age of fifty-four.

Almost all Biddles seem to be known for their charm, for rarely refusing a drink, for their pugilistic prowess, for their strong opinions, for their liking for both Aristocracy and Celebrity, and also for their predilection for writing memoirs. At the drop of an advance they stand ready, willing, and able (in varying degrees) to write books about themselves, each other, and even each other's books.

Biddles also seem to have been born with a kind of congenital conviction that makes them feel not only the equals of professionals but also, when it comes to being critics, slightly superior. In the very beginning of this book, for example, in what he calls his "By Way of Introduction," Mr. Biddle tells us that on his second reading of Henry Adams's "Education," "the dry desolation of his waste land left me not so much depressed as bored." The advisability of starting one's own autobiography with such stern words about perhaps the all-time classic in the field would give the average author pause—but not so a Biddle, even one who is now seventy-five years old. Also, Biddles seem to have been born with a strong defensive—if not actually an inferiority—complex where New England is concerned. Here again Francis is no exception, and his book abounds in anti-New England sentiments which, beginning with Henry Adams, move on with a vengeance to Endicott Peabody, headmaster of Groton. Mr. Biddle speaks of him as "the American pedagogue" and a man of "bland self-sufficiency"—although the use of the adjective "bland" in any connection with Mr. Peabody fills this reviewer with doubts that Mr. Biddle ever got beyond North Philadelphia, let alone Groton.

Afterwards, Harvard too comes in for her lumps and so does even the late Mr. Justice Holmes, about whom Mr. Biddle still has plenty to say despite two previous books on the sub-

Francis Biddle: "To be a Biddle . . . had definite . . . drawbacks."

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ject. "I have often thought," Mr. Biddle writes of him, "that a certain New England distrust of enjoyment—he was New England to the core—rarely let him forget the unending race with life."

Perhaps the Biddles, or at least the latter-day generations of them, could have used some such distrust. In any case, Mr. Biddle graciously admits a debt to Mr. Holmes, whom he served, of course, as secretary:

> After the long cocoon of Groton . . . College club life had left me with a certain smugness and smartnes, and the Law School had added a corresponding intellectual condescension. My new friends, quite unconsciously I think, destroyed the first; and Justice Holmes, who quickly sniffed the aura of young law school secretaries, deliberately laughed away the second.

After a slow beginning—some of Mr. Biddle's stories of his antecedents are fairly well-worn—the pace of the book picks up and the Biddle charm does emerge. Even this, however, is deprecated ("To be a Biddle—at least for me—had more definite drawbacks than tangible advantages") and in the end one has an almost unreviewable kind of book—a sort of attic catch-all. For here is truly a potpourri, ranging, in a rambly, dash-ridden style, from the story of his grandfather kissing "a beautiful little bust abroad," to the present-day social standing of the Philadelphia Assemblies, to his "Aunt Nat" ("Dear Aunt Nat, how I loved her!"), to a painter named Mac, with whom, rather curiously, the book ends.

All in all, if one wishes that the author were a little less personal about some of the embarrassing details of his childhood and a little more personal where some other people—particularly his own wife and children—are concerned, it should also be said that the book is refreshingly free from today's anti-parental trend. And, in any case, Biddles being Biddles, probably Francis's immediate family are writing their autobiographies too.

—Bettmann Archive.

Richard II — ". . . resourcefulness and energy."

The King Redeemed

"The Hollow Crown: A Life of Richard II," by Harold F. Hutchison *(John Day. 268 pp. $5), nearly erases the Shakespearean image of the son of the Black Prince. John Clive teaches English history at the University of Chicago.*

By John Clive

WHAT associations does the name "Richard the Second" bring to mind? Born 1367, died 1400? Son of the Black Prince? Probable inventor of the handkerchief? First King of England to sign his own letters? Instigator of the first English cookbook? Builder of Westminster Hall? All these would be legitimate associations, but it is improbable that they would occur to us. Instead, it is far more likely that we think at once of the tragic figure unforgettably presented to us by Shakespeare—wilful and weak, petulant and indecisive, a neurotic and ineffectual tyrant fittingly superseded by Henry Bolingbroke.

It is this picture of Richard that Mr. Hutchison confronts with the facts of history. And, in the process, little remains of the Shakespearean image imprinted on our minds. Shakespeare, after all, only deals with the last two years of the King's reign—and grinds a Lancastrian axe to boot. What we cannot derive from his play is just what is essential for an understanding of Richard's character: knowledge of the earlier years of his reign.

Richard of Bordeaux grew up in the shadow of his fabulously heroic father. Succeeding to the throne at the age of ten, he soon showed some of the same spirit in confronting and subsequently dominating the leaders of the Peasants' Revolt. But his desire to be a medieval king in the fullest sense of that expression—divinely appointed and unchallenged ruler, the apex of the feudal pyramid—was opposed by a group of barons led by his uncle the Duke of Gloucester. They killed or exiled his friends and curtailed his power. All his thoughts and actions thenceforth turned to revenge. And Mr. Hutchison, using all relevant sources (some of which have only recently come to light), convincingly shows the resourcefulness and the energy with which the young king successfully carried out this revenge.

By 1398 his position seemed to be impregnable. Yet twelve months later he was deposed and succeeded by Bolingbroke. Why? Tyranny? Unpopularity with the people? Feebleness in the face of Bolingbroke's challenge? The author's answer to these three questions is in the negative. What led to Richard's downfall was his determination to rule in his own right on principle, and his incurring in pursuit of that aim the hostility of yet another powerful baronial group, supported by the wealth of the great English merchants. Richard may have affected too much splendor for his own good; he may have made some strategic mistakes; he certainly gave evidences of an ungovernable temper. But the real trouble was that "he had not learnt the Tudor trick of playing off populace against aristocracy, and subduing both to royal will and guidance." This, rather than Richard's "folly" or "lust for tyranny," led to the final disaster, which he faced with courage and by no means with either equanimity or weakness.

Mr. Hutchison has written his book to rescue Richard from Shakespeare's innocent libels and, in the light of modern research, to present for general consumption a fairer version of the monarch's life and death. In this he has succeeded. But how many of us will be able to keep that "fairer version" in mind when we are next caught up by Shakespeare's poetry? It is an interesting question.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. (a) filmed, (b) Kilmer. 2. (a) earwig, (b) Darwin. 3. (a) fronts, (b) Brontë. 4. (a) selling, (b) Bellini. 5. (a) trance, (b) Franck. 6. (a) gilds, (b) Wilde. 7. (a) Achilles, (b) Schiller. 8. (a) heredity, (b) Meredith. 9. (a) oriel, (b) Grieg. 10. (a) grouse, (b) Proust. 11. (a) await, (b) Twain. 12. (a) element, (b) Clemens.

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The Informed Society

"Observations on Life, Literature and Learning in America," by Henri Peyre *(Southern Illinois University Press. 254 pp. $5),* ***"The Happy Critic," by Mark Van Doren*** *(Hill & Wang. 173 pp. $3.50), and* ***"Exiles and Fabrications," by Winfield Townley Scott*** *(Doubleday. 215 pp. $3.95), reveal at different levels the awareness and perception that form the foundation of civilized living. James Gray, formerly of the University of Minnesota faculty, is a student of the art of literary criticism.*

By James Gray

THE AUTHORS of these volumes of essays share a preoccupation with the purpose of literature and learning. Two have been teachers all of their adult lives. Two have published many books of poetry, each cultivating his own field devotedly. All are concerned—two more soberly than the third—with the influence of the imaginative experience on the conduct of human affairs.

The title of the first book tacitly states a credo: life, literature, and learning compose the trinity of civilized man's worship. Literature alerts the mind to the rewards of awareness. Learning deepens its perceptions. The authority of neither is self-defined. The claim of each is validated by its usefulness in furthering the value of life. And the value of life lies in its enjoyment—not, of course, the kind of enjoyment that kills time but the kind that fulfills time, that justifies whatever whim of evolution it may have been that devoted ages to producing the thoughtful man. Enjoyment of life may be said to have become as nearly complete as is possible only when a disciplined intelligence moves with the delicate vigor of the life process itself to encompass the rich variability of experience and to search out its secrets of sorrow and joy with the aid of pity, irony, and hope.

Henri Peyre's "observations" touch on the broadest possible implications of this theme. A native of France who has spent most of the past thirty-five years teaching comparative literature to college students in the United States, he should have attained high ground for viewing the work of the recent past and of the present, as well as for appraising the future outlook of education. These are the things that Professor Peyre has undertaken boldly to do. It is a pleasure to watch him as he moves about in flexible but resolute control of his intellectual position.

His absorbing interests, born of his own broad experience, are to compare for our benefit the values of French education with those of education in the United States and to compare the achievements of European literature with those of American letters. Closely considering the first, Professor Peyre suggests that the basic training of the French student has given his intelligence a greater subtlety, a finer aptitude for building up the structure of thought. But subtlety has its defects, and the young Frenchman, rebelling against the rigidity of his formal instruction, may have plunged recklessly toward a dead-end of mental effort. The crisis of French political life before the coming of de Gaulle, when everyone seemed to constitute himself his own political party, may have resulted from this fault. In contrast, the inclusiveness of the American impulse toward learning, though it may lack the highest creative refinement, has the advantage of nurturing the cooperative temper. Professor Peyre admires in the research techniques practiced in American universities today the evidence of a desire to strengthen effort by the harmonious combination of many talents in one enterprise.

To this alert analyst the literature of France and that of the United States seem, in our day, to have circled round and round each other, exchanging influences. The French have valued in Faulkner and in Hemingway such qualities as their power of attack and the uncompromising vigor with which they manage the confrontation between man and event. Knowing his own work to have lost some of its energy in mists of speculation and mazes of analysis, the French novelist has envied the successful dramatization in American fiction of what is immediately visible and audible. Yet in Professor Peyre's opinion it remained for men like Camus to search out the more profound meanings of the Hemingway theme. As Malraux has said, it became the problem of literature once more to "intellectualize itself without losing the direct approach." Critics in this country who have been dismayed by the perennial adolescence of Wolfe and by the skin-deep satiric methods of Lewis will agree that more must be required of the novel. The death of Hemingway revealed with more poignancy than is to be found in anything that he recorded during his life the tragic truth that there were impulses within him that remained unuttered though, to an artist, they should not have been unutterable.

The same moral for Americans runs through all these essays. Required by circumstance to assume a share in the reponsibility of preserving the values of the Western world, the citizen must measure his performance by the highest standards of maturity. It is good to be inspired by boyish enthusiasm; but

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"Whether you appreciate Picasso or not, we're swiping one!"

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NUCLEAR WAR

The Life-and-Death Questions

1. Could It Happen?

THE SOVIET UNION and the United States are now on a collision course. Both have taken positions—in Berlin and elsewhere—from which they have declared there will be no turning back. Each has warned the other it is prepared to use nuclear force rather than retreat.

The Soviet Union has unilaterally resumed nuclear testing. In so doing, it has jeopardized efforts to put an end to the arms race before the arms race puts an end to the human race. A ban on nuclear testing, if it could have been achieved, would have given the world a good place to take hold in bringing atomic bombs under control. With the resumption of nuclear testing, the door now opens wide to many other countries, large and small, to develop or buy their own atomic weapons. Any small nation with nuclear bombs at its disposal becomes a major power. All the disputes and differences existing almost anywhere now become the potential fuse of a world nuclear war, for small wars have a way of billowing out into large ones.

Any nation that engages in atmospheric testing has in effect declared war on the human race. Atomic bombs are not "tested." They are used. Every time a nuclear bomb goes off people get hurt. Atomic fission converts the sky into an open sewer for radioactive garbage. The poison particles created by nuclear tests are carried by the winds over vast distances, falling out like rain on crops and reservoirs, infecting the whole process by which life is nourished and sustained.

In any event, the tensions created by the Berlin dispute and the prodigious speeding-up of the world arms race have increased sharply the chances of a miscalculation or an accident that could result in a world nuclear war. This is not a remote, long-range danger but one that exists at this moment.

The answer, therefore, to the question, is yes, a nuclear war could happen.

2. If It Happens, What Will It Be Like?

EACH SIDE has served notice it will hold nothing back in event of war. Nikita Khrushchev has said the Soviet Union would not hesitate to use bombs with the equivalent destructive force of 100 million tons of TNT. In order to comprehend the magnitude of such a bomb, imagine the atomic bombing of Hiroshima being repeated on a different city each day for thirteen years. The sum total of that destructive force resides in a single 100-megaton bomb. There is no mystery to such a bomb. There are no limits, in fact, to the power of thermonuclear weapons. The United States has multi-megaton bombs in profusion. In fact, the United States now has enough atomic firepower to destroy the Soviet Union several times over. The same is true of the Soviet Union with respect to the United States.

Civilian shelters may be of value if adequate warning time is available and if adequate ventilation can be assured. Neither problem has yet been solved. A missile carrying a nuclear warhead can deliver its payload in about fourteen minutes, from base to target, almost anywhere in the world. Warning time, therefore, is practically nil. Moreover, the kind of shelters now being discussed are not deep enough or strong enough to withstand the concussive effect of even a small megaton blast fairly close to the surface.

A small megaton bomb, if exploded as high as thirty miles above an area, would produce firestorms covering 5,000 square miles. The oxygen on the surface would be consumed. This means that shelters would have to have manufactured oxygen. The problems involved in a program for such mass use of manufactured oxygen have not yet been worked out.

Expert testimony before Congressional Committees has established that, in the event of nuclear war, most of the people living in cities would not be saved. Shelter in outlying areas might have a certain usefulness, assuming proper ventilation and the absence of lethal lingering surface radiation once the war ended. In any case, the survivors could not count on adequate medical and hospital services.

Estimates of a death toll in the United States after the first waves of an atomic attack have varied between 40,000,000 and 110,000,000 lives. The reason for the disparity is that no one knows how many bombs will be dropped or where they will be dropped or what the pattern of the bombing will be.

For the same reason, it has not been possible to estimate the number of people who, though they survive, will be afflicted with radiation dieseases.

3. Is It Too Late To Keep It from Happening?

THE MOST significant fact about a world nuclear war is that it has not yet begun. There is no more important fact in the world today than this. The human race has not yet been decimated. The cities still stand. The incredibly glorious works of the human mind have not yet been pulverized.

It is not too late.

It is not too late—so long as enough men—and this means not just leaders of

(*Continued on page* 50)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WHAT GLORY ROAD?

We are all in debt to Allan Nevins for his deeply disturbing reminder that our Civil War, in spite of the well-recorded glories, was "a terrible reproach to American civilization" ["The Glorious and the Terrible," *SR*, Sept. 2]. Would that every historian, artist, and statesman might similarly bring it home to us that every war, by its very nature, is above all an experience of inhuman cruelty.

Leonard Port.

Madison, Wis.

Allan Nevins's "The Glorious and the Terrible" places our feet once again on solid ground. Especially in this first year of the Civil War Centennial when our ears are dinned with the sounds of mock battles, hucksters with popcorn and palmetto flags, and political orators expounding on the brave heroism and the glory of the conflict. Too many of us have forgotten the hidden cost of the war, and I shall always be indebted to Allan Nevins for calling attention to the great cultural loss of the war. Many people may reject the article because they want to remember only the "good and heroic." But, as General Robert E. Lee once said, "truth is mighty and will prevail."

I am placing this article in the box of possessions carried by my children's great-grandfather, an officer with the 137th New York Volunteers, who was wounded at Chancellorsville. When they are older, they can look at the hardtack, the dispatches, and then read the article to realize that the conflict was no road of glory.

(The Rev.) Orville E. Lanham,
First Presbyterian Church.

White Sulphur Springs, Mont.

Rare indeed it is to find an article such as "The Glorious and the Terrible." As a Southerner and Virginian, but more as an American, I confess that some of the passages misted my eyes. I recalled many a sorrowful family tale concerning the Civil War, hardships endured by my grandfather, a South Carolina officer.

Only once do I disagree with Mr. Nevins, when he says, "If it was necessary for preserving the Union and extinguishing slavery, it was of course worth *more* than it cost; but should it have been necessary?" That of course is the pivotal question. Surely the Union could have been preserved, would have been preserved, and slavery abolished had the Civil War not been fought. Right would have prevailed eventually. It comes down again to the old question of evolution *vs.* revolution.

Penn Kime.

Madeira Beach, Fla.

It was with a sense of long-awaited justice that I read "The Glorious and the Terrible." For a long time I have felt that the Civil War was a dirty, ugly nightmare in spite of the sickly sentimentality, the glorification, and the preoccupation with historical minutiae. . . . The treatment of the war, it appears to me, expresses our national guilt. The awful memories are suppressed, and only that which can be talked about is continually reiterated. Perhaps a social psychologist will one day do justice to this chapter of American history and its effect upon the national character thereafter.

Edward E. Gordon, M.D.

Chicago, Ill.

"I've pulled out of aircrafts altogether. Too much plowing back of profits. I hold with many that the drugs and chemicals are safe for now—but the electronics—specifically Packard Bell and American Cable . . ."

PROBLEM AND PROTEST

James A. Michener asks: "Should Artists Boycott New York?" [*SR*, Aug. 26]. Some people might go even further and ask: "Should Artists Boycott the United States?" For of course the problems of the artist in New York and elsewhere in this country go far beyond the problem of finding suitable and reasonable living and working quarters, important as that is. The most urgent problem facing the creative or "fine" artist is the problem of how to make a living through the sale of his work. They say it can't be done. But still they try.

As regards living and working quarters for artists, the artists themselves offered a reasonable suggestion. We have public housing for low-income groups; why not public housing for artists designed specifically to meet their needs? To qualify, an artist would show need and professional competence or status. If the government will not subsidize art entirely, it might at least provide at low cost a suitable environment for creative workers.

H. Garnon.

Cincinnati, O.

What did any government agency in France ever do for Modigliani, Van Gogh, Chagall, Picasso, or Matisse—before he became rich and famous . . . ?

Thomas Scott.

San Francisco, Calif.

My initial reaction to Mr. Michener's article was one of utter disbelief. Surely *SR* could have found something more rewarding for its readers than this piece of nonsense.

The City of New York does not aim its regulations at specific groups. The rules of fire prevention protect all citizens even if they are ignorant of the necessity for such protection. Since the artists tend to congregate in run-down firetraps, whether it be on the Left Bank in Paris or in New York City, they must be prepared to face the consequences.

As to the artistic bent of cities, I know of only one Lincoln Center and that happens to be in anti-artistic New York.

M. C. De Gruchy.

New York, N.Y.

The situation of the artist in New York has reached its most hopeful point when the city turns him away. Let us hope that artists will now enrich their work by traveling into the expanse of the nation beyond Manhattan. . . .

Norman De Pillo.

Detroit, Mich.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Don Juan in Sweden

INGMAR BERGMAN claims to have based his latest film on an Irish proverb that runs as follows: "A woman's chastity is a sty in the Devil's eye." Bartlett does not include the proverb in his "Familiar Quotations," but perhaps there is a corresponding Swedish volume that does. At any rate, **"The Devil's Eye"** begins with the Devil, who languidly supervises a hell of the Louis XIV period, complaining of eye trouble. Two of his bewigged advisers, a count and a marquis, diagnose the condition as a sty; its cause is the stubborn virginity of a young contemporary Swedish girl, who is beautiful, engaged, and the daughter of a pastor. The remedy, it is decided, is to send one of hell's most distinguished residents, Don Juan, topside to seduce the maiden.

Don Juan is glad to go, if only to gain a respite from his exquisite tortures. Every hour or so, one of his earthly conquests is brought to him, and he must go through the rigamarole of seduction up to the point where completion is near. The lady is then removed, and another is brought in, and on it goes, for eternity. The jaded Don is accompanied on his earthly journey by his retainer, Pablo, and by a nasty spying demon who has the ability to change himself into a black cat at will. All this, it is probably clear by now, represents Bergman in a playful mood. The artifice of his story is further emphasized by the occasional appearance of Gunnar Bjornstrand as a master of ceremonies who comments on the proceedings.

What results is a devil-may-care romp, with an occasionally serious overtone or two. The pastor is a simpleton who is more concerned about locking the demon in his cupboard than with Pablo's pursuit of his frustrated wife. The young husband-to-be of the pastor's daughter gets into a stupid argument with her, leaving the field clear for Don Juan. As for the Don, he wastes time (his, not the audience's) in reminiscence. He recalls that dreadful moment when the stone statue of the Commander knocks fatefully on his door and sends him to hell, giving his own version of a scene that Mozart plainly distorted. Bergman meanwhile shows us that Don Juan's powers of seduction have been overrated. He makes the quite dreadful mistake of falling in love with his victim, and she is moved to offer herself to him not out of love, but through pity. This crushing revelation the Don cannot endure, and he returns to hell with his mission unaccomplished.

One suspects that Bergman was not so much attracted by an Irish proverb, as by Shaw's "Don Juan in Hell," and wished to present his own series of variations on the theme. His concoction does not always bubble as frothily as one would like, and the farce has moments of letdown. But the intellectual humor is there, and the acting by Karl Julle, as the Don, by Bibi Andersson as the virgin, and by others of his "stock company" is consistently accomplished. Bergman doesn't quite match Shaw here, but he comes close, and *that* is quite something.

AN ODD film indeed is **"Purple Noon,"** a meandering thriller adapted and directed by Rene Clement from a Patricia Highsmith novel. The story has plainly homosexual overtones as a young man arrives in Italy, commissioned to bring home a friend who is dallying too long abroad. He attempts to dissuade this rich young American from devoting himself to a pretty girl called Marge and, finding himself unwanted, decides to kill his friend and assume his identity. He kills again when his identity is discovered, and resumes his old identity until he is finally trapped by a ghoulish circumstance of his own devising. But just what it is all supposed to mean is kept carefully vague by the dialogue and Clement's arty camera. And as a thriller, it gets draggy while the camera remorselessly follows the young psychopath in his self-indulgences.

Rather mystifying, too, is the sound track. Some of the Americans speak French in good French accents, others speak French in bad French accents. Still others speak American. The Italians sometimes speak French, and sometimes Italian. The subtitles, luckily, are all in English. As for the backgrounds, they are magnificently and sensuously captured by Clement's use of color, and the picture is often at its best when Clement is simply roaming through Rome, Naples, and Mongibello. As the villain, Alain Delon is moodily, sullenly effeminate, and much more striking is Marie Laforet as the girl. Clement, who specializes in a loving use of detail, has strange lapses, forgetting to include shots that would ordinarily seem necessary. The picture is decidedly interesting, for all its wandering intentions. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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Orchid girl at Rainbow Falls — Hilo, Island of Hawaii

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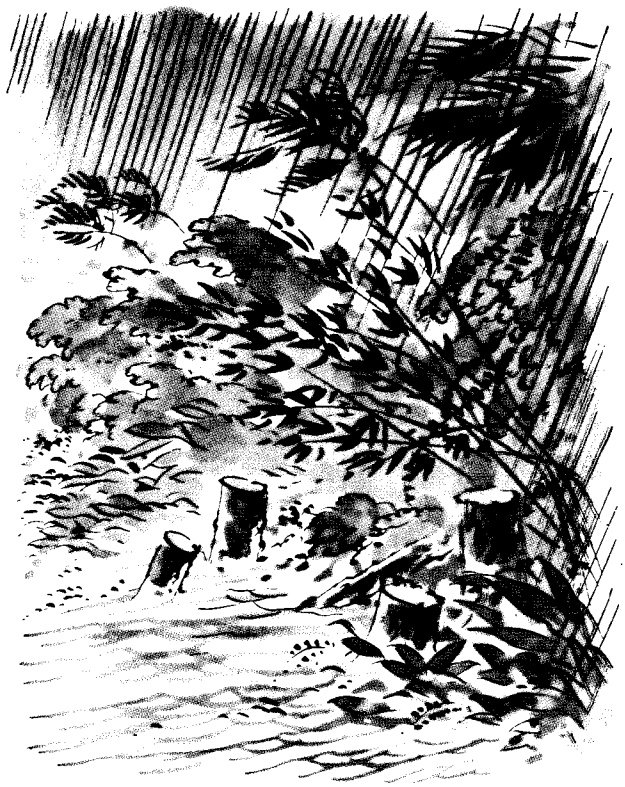

As a result, rain — unchecked by trees — has washed much of the rich top soil into the sea. Erosion has created serious economic problems for the country.

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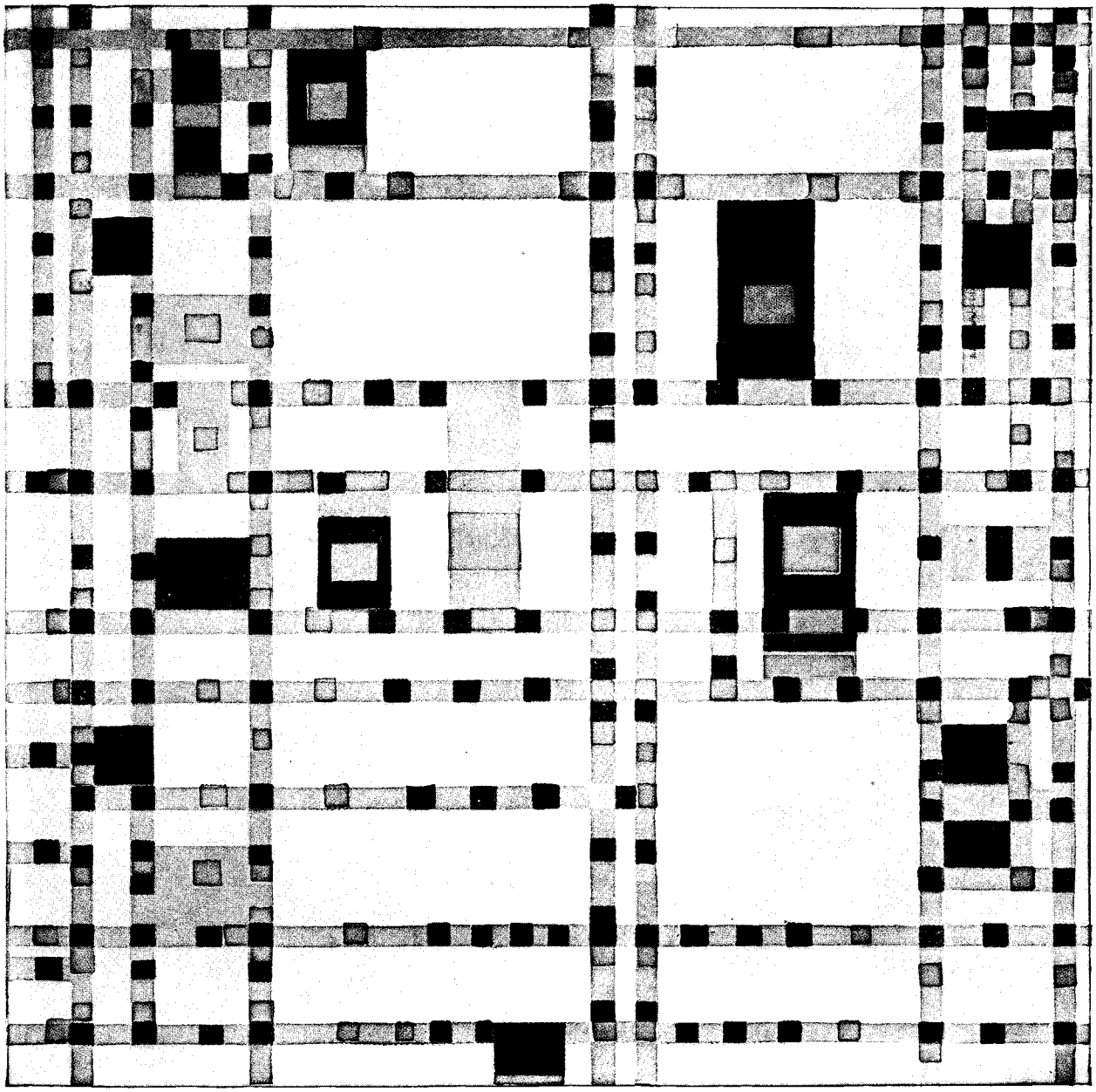
LANDMARKS OF MODERN ART



"Broadway Boogie Woogie," by Piet Mondrian—1942-43 (The Museum of Modern Art)

THE DUTCH ARTIST Mondrian, after fleeing from Paris during the Nazi occupation, made this painting in New York toward the end of his life. Despite its severely disciplined design, the picture is closely related to certain unruly rhythms we associate with modern America, with jazz music, with neon lights and vibrating signs. For Mondrian the disorder of life was a daily challenge to be overcome only by reducing his chaotic surroundings to their basic geometric forms. With the simplest means—straight lines and primary colors—he created the most subtle and calculated relationships. To change even one small area of a Mondrian painting might destroy its entire organization. His work stands as a modern landmark because in the purest sense it deals only with the verities of order and structure.

—K.K.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Lost in the Tripe

IN HIS first play, written six years ago, poet Arnold Weinstein is having a grand disorderly time. Titled "**The Red Eye of Love,**" the opus currently at the Provincetown Playhouse seems to be a kaleidoscopic history of the last forty years, not in terms of specific events—indeed many of the references are chronologically impossible—but in terms of the surging and self-contradicting American spirit that keeps bursting out in new directions only to find that there is no place to go except back in old directions.

The vaudeville follows three main characters. One, O. O. Martinas, personifies that American ideal, the self-made man. He is a butcher who dreams of a thirteen-story department store that sells nothing but meat, and in which he'll have an apartment behind the cutting room. He is also a self-made poet who writes such lines as "Death, you old professor, I don't want to graduate." As played by Michael Vale, who bears a noticeable resemblance to Broadway producer David Merrick, O. O. appears not as a simple villain, but as the product of an illogical American ideal taken to its logical American conclusion. We are responsible for him and we are joint owners of his compulsions.

Then there is young Wilmer Flange, ruefully played by George Latchford. Wilmer personifies another American ideal, that of innocent belief in following the impulse of the heart, of being completely taken in by the sentiments expressed in movies, and of subscribing to the popular American notion that one tenet can be "the key to the universe." And his perfect mate is Selma Chargesse, who wants to believe in the same things or at least to fall in love with someone who does. Selma lives with Wilmer but eventually marries O. O., with occasional soul-replenishing visits back to old faithful. Jane Romano, in serene control of an inner complex of charged circuits, captures Selma's miraculous and characteristically feminine unawareness that she is simultaneously the slave of realistic convenience and a romantic ideal whose true value depends entirely upon the amount of inconvenience she is willing to endure for it.

Beyond this rather effective and compassionate penetration of the American atmosphere, Mr. Weinstein has strung his play with little goodies. When Wilmer tells Selma that he has lost touch with an old schoolmate, she answers in an absurdly sorrowful exclamation, "You talk about lost touch! I've lost *such touch*!" Then, when Wilmer is trying to be sweet and self-effacing to Selma, who is leaving him, their "adopted" little boy in long curls and a sailor suit keeps clobbering Wilmer as if he were to blame for breaking up the household. Finally there is an imaginative anti-war parody on the battlefield, spoken by an American soldier and a German-Japanese soldier (who has a psychiatrist uncle in Manhattan's West Eighties) on a stage that is completely dark except for the glow of two cigarettes.

Not everything is this effective. Many of the show's episodes degenerate into reworkings of old gags, and into capricious excursions. Nor is it all as original as it might seem. Surely the story of an idealistic young American reduced to making and selling dolls owes something to Paul Green's "Johnny Johnson."

But under John Wulp's free direction, "The Red Eye of Love" is seldom ponderous, never doctrinaire, and frequently quite funny. Furthermore, it reveals to us a playwright, still only thirty-four, who possesses an inventiveness with words, and a rare capacity and urge to record the American scene as it is, rather than with some willful oversimplification.

IT would have been nice if the final production at the large downtown Phoenix Theatre under the Houghton and Hambleton management could have been at least an ambitious strike-out. Instead, as circumstance would have it, it is merely a limited-run importation from Canada of Gilbert and Sullivan's "**Pirates of Penzance,**" as directed by Sir Tyrone Guthrie. While Sir Tyrone's flair for surprise and for pinpointing absurdity is occasionally in evidence, it fails to compensate for the fact that except for Eric House, who makes a most amusing modern Major-General, none of the other singers, not even lovely-voiced Marion Studholme, deliver the lyrics with the sort of clarity that might permit an untutored ear to follow them. The large auditorium may have had something to do with this, and it is therefore a comforting thing to know that future Phoenix productions will take place at the intimate East 74th Street Theatre.

—HENRY HEWES.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Trio in Ascendance, Quartet in Decline

TEL AVIV.

RAREST of musical phenomena in American musical life is a trio that plays like three men good and true, rather than a father image, a younger brother, and a weak sister. For two men can make up their minds to form a sonata duo, as four can to play quartets. But fitting the pieces of a trio together involves so many elements of balance and compatability that the names of the really fine ones with a history of public performance in a period of decades—Cortot-Thibaud-Casals, Busch-Serkin-Busch, Albeneri, Alma—can be ticked off on one hand with a finger to spare.

Thus the concerts currently being given here by the ensemble of Isaac Stern, Eugene Istomin, and Leonard Rose—who, if they had the will, could form an acrostic ("Isreil") of their own—may live longer in memory than anything else heard in the early weeks of the first Israel Music Festival. Artists of this caliber so seldom perform together that the thousands who thronged their concerts in Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, and Haifa (as well as the music amphitheatre of the Ein Gev kibbutz on Lake Tiberias and the new development at Caesarea on the Mediterranean) may consider themselves among the fortunate first to experience the blossoming of a new artistic ideal. The idea actually was born at a Ravinia encounter half a dozen years ago, but it is only now that time and circumstances have enabled these three busy soloists to settle down to the period of work required to put a solid floor under the house of dreams they have planned for their future.

Included in it are rooms marked "Trio Concerts," "Concerts with Orchestra," "Music Festivals" and, of course, "Recordings." Or, to spell it out in more practical terms, the plans for the "Isreil" Trio embrace not only investigations of the violin-piano-cello literature, but concerts with orchestra in which the Brahms double concerto, the Beethoven triple, the fifth Brandenburg of Bach, and various other works that lend themselves to the combined purposes will be presented. Other, more ambitious plans may be left for the performers themselves to reveal, but it is a certainty that they will eventually attain a world-wide reality on discs.

When that comes about, a fairly limitless audience will learn what the thus-far limited ones in Israel already have discovered—that the forceful musical personality of Stern is a spur rather than a burden to the new group of which he is the nominal leader. Even if he had the inclination, it would be a sizable task for any violinist to dominate a pianist of Istomin's power, or a cellist with the verve and virtuosity of Rose. Whether the work was Beethoven's E flat Trio (Opus 70, No. 1), the Ravel A minor, or the Mendelssohn D minor, however, the center of tonal gravity was always where it had been positioned by the composer himself.

In the Beethoven, for example, the preponderance of string statements made for something of a well-spaced duet with a binding network of piano sound in between. As well as being in harmonious musical agreement, Stern and Rose share a tonal color so compatible that a mid-range passage of the cello could be mistaken for the violin, and vice versa. Stern's sound here is broad for a violin, as Rose's is narrow for a cello, and in neither is there rasp, roughness, or even momentary weakness.

AS for Istomin, he has a sense of the suitable that is uncommon in a pianist, whether of his years or not. There are, in the Beethoven and Mendelssohn, built-in limitations to the play of sonority which a responsible pianist may permit himself. But in the Ravel, which poses few such stylistic restrictions, Istomin did all that was wanted, nothing that was unwanted. Being, as one might say, of an age and a mind, there is every reason to suppose that these players will have a long and happy association, with pleasure and profit for their audiences as well as themselves. More than anything else, it proves that artists of sufficient talent can still escape the routinized conventions of commercial musical life, given the will and the application.

Circumstances rather than desire plot the course of ascent for this new, as yet unrecognized ensemble, against a downward curve for an old, world-famous one. The appreciative audience in Tel Aviv for chamber music has given the Beethoven cycle being presented by the Budapest Quartet every honor of attention, appreciation, and applause. But, more and more, one hears questioning mentions of "off night" or "poor form" to explain away lapses that are purely mechanical and do not, really, have much to do with "form" or "humor" at all. In the sequence heard to date (the E flat, B flat, and A minor of the last five quartets, plus earlier ones to balance each evening), they have soared and they have slumped. On the one hand there is a fund of knowledge, a wealth of feeling, an abundance of understanding that few contemporary quartets can match. On the other, a faltering kind of insecurity that comes and goes, pushing chords off tonal center, muddying texture, now and then falsifying melodic line.

Since it is the first violinist's job to set the tone (ideologically, as well as musically) and establish the standard of a quartet, it is a temptation to point the finger of blame at its long-time leader, Josef Roisman. But, as the traditional honors are shared by the four, so the present shortcomings are communal, calling for a revision of effort by all concerned. Quartets of the quality long associated with the Budapest cannot be made and unmade like a bed, but they are not self-perpetuating either. What needs to be done ought to be done soon, while the shine is still on the name with the public, if its lustre has somewhat dimmed with other professionals. Or must history repeat itself to the extent that the same default among other, established ensembles that enabled the Budapest to take leadership in the Thirties will provide the way for its successor? 'Twould be a pity.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

For C.

By Edwin Honig

IT came, a sudden comfort, soft, lowlying,
Like a fog half lifting, half still recumbent,
The wispy light sifts through—say, like a snatch
Of mindfulness awaking, threadbare and blue:
A sort of breakthrough quiveringly rising,
Like the first clear wording of an answer
To so dim a question, it was untrue:
The day when all at once you came in view.

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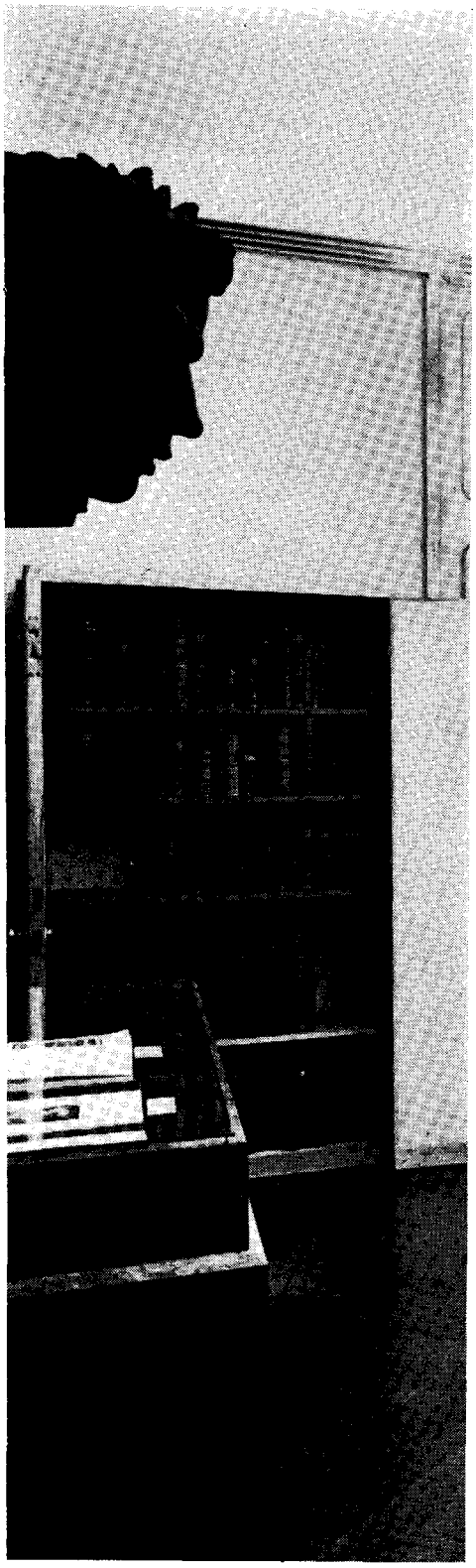

A corner of one of two rooms devoted to rare illustrated books at Alverthorpe Gallery. The sculpture is a bronze head of Orpheus by the Swedish artist Carl Milles.

THE ROSENWALD COLLECTION

America's Greatest Gallery of Prints

By KATHARINE KUH

WE APPROACH a pleasant, unpretentious building set in a rolling landscape. Once inside, it seems hard to believe that this modest interior houses one of the greatest print collections in the world. To the right is a large informal room where comfortable furniture, a superb group of thirty-six bronze busts by Daumier (chiefly portraits of French legislators and the only complete series of its kind in America), and finally a desk loaded with papers, catalogues, magazines and books, make a singularly warm first impression. This is the office of Lessing Rosenwald, the man who during the last thirty-five years has been at work assembling a prodigious art collection, a collection quite at odds with popular taste today.

In recent years a number of splendid private collections have made history in the United States, but none can surpass the Rosenwald collection in qualitative standards, singleness of purpose, or independence of choice. At a time when most art enthusiasts in this country are avidly concentrating on paintings and sculpture from the last hundred years, Lessing Rosenwald almost singlehandedly dedicated himself to the graphic arts, a field that has been and still is, for that matter, curiously neglected and out of fashion. His interest in prints covers the whole gamut of history, from the earliest fifteenth-century wood- and metal-cuts to the most far-reaching experiments of today.

Why public interest in this predominantly popular medium has fallen off in modern times is puzzling; it is perhaps best explained by our present emphasis on direct spontaneous expression. The fact that any number of first-rate contemporary painters and sculptors are also distinguished printmakers is a sign, we hope, that collectors may soon follow suit and re-evaluate this art medium which, more than any other, is so well adapted to popular needs.

When I asked Lessing Rosenwald how he happened to specialize in prints he said, "As far as I can remember, sometime in the 1920s I accidentally saw a print by D. Y. Cameron—and on the spur of the moment bought it because I liked it. I don't believe I would purchase it today." This started him, at first modestly. A few years later when several historic print collections were auctioned in Europe, he found himself "plunging heavily." He was already hooked, as it were, and from then on became a willing, dedicated, and devoted captive who claims that his life has been vastly enriched by pursuing this demanding, highly technical, albeit fascinating specialty.

In Jenkintown, a suburb of Philadelphia, the museum called Alverthorpe Gallery was designed specifically for the Rosenwald collection and now acts as a center for scholars specializing in the graphic arts. Only recently a young woman came all the way from India, her particular interest being William Blake, an artist brilliantly represented at Alverthorpe. Many considerations make this private museum unique. Almost from the start Mr. Rosenwald realized that to assemble a serious collection required professional help; such help he frankly and generously acknowledges. In his own words he emphasizes "the enormous contribution and influence of Elizabeth Mongan, without whose guidance and advice the collection could never have achieved its present status." As curator of the gallery, it is Miss Mongan who scours Europe and this country to ferret out those rare and elusive examples that make the Rosenwald collection an outstanding testament to her perceptive vision. Patient research coupled with encyclopedic knowledge is only part of what it takes, for without "a good eye" art can become academic. And this collection of roughly 25,000 engravings, etchings, lithographs, mezzotints, drypoints, and woodcuts is far more than a conscientious historical survey. Even the briefest tour will dazzle the stodgiest eyes.

Also unique was Mr. Rosenwald's gift of his entire print collection to the National Gallery of Art in 1943, while at the same time the illustrated books and reference material were given to the Library of Congress. All are now on deposit at Alverthorpe Gallery, where they will remain during Mr. Rosenwald's lifetime. Afterward the two institutions are free to decide whether to

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keep the collections in their present sympathetic surroundings or move them to Washington. This reviewer very much hopes they will remain in Jenkintown, in a building designed at once graciously and securely for their specific needs. For here in a decentralized setting there is less danger of the institutionalized coldness that most large museums rarely avoid. One feels a pleasant behind-the-scenes intimacy, a sense of privacy and informality conducive to unhurried looking and unharried study. Moreover, the building itself is remarkably secure. All manner of modern devices have been introduced to protect the collection from theft and fire. A model sprinkling system substitutes chemical powders for liquid, thus avoiding at least one grave peril for fragile works on paper.

Mr. Rosenwald and Miss Mongan (who, since the collection was given to the National Gallery, is now on the staff of that institution as Curator of Prints) are still actively buying and trading—to improve what they already have and to fill important gaps. Thus the collection continues to grow as works are purchased from all over the world—from dealers, private owners, and auction houses. When buying, esthetic quality, rarity, and state of preservation are all taken into consideration, very much in the classical tradition of the great European print cabinets of the past. Sometimes an extremely rare work is by-passed if found to be in poor, faded, or extensively restored condition.

The collection stresses particularly those men historically important to the development of the graphic arts. Outstanding is its series of fifteenth-century wood- and metal-cuts, the finest single group in the world. When you realize that today not more than a dozen notable examples in this field come on the market during an entire year, and then at exorbitant prices well up in the thousands, the Rosenwald collection of approximately 700 such works is indeed an astonishing group. There are many other important concentrations, memorably the works of Rembrandt, Meryon, Callot, and Goya. And here one also finds the greatest private collection of illustrated books by Blake plus a superb group of earlier illustrated volumes from the eighteenth century, a period of such lavish and expensive craftsmanship that sometimes historians claim the French Revolution was due, in part, to this very extravagance in book design. Nor has modern art been overlooked; Picasso, Munch, Feininger, Matisse, and the young American Baskin are some of many from our own century who are well represented here.

As a hospitable educational institution, Alverthorpe Gallery knows few rivals. During the past two years it has lent numerous works to at least sixty exhibitions and institutions throughout America and Europe. Its excellent reference library is used extensively by students from all over the world, while groups from nearby schools, colleges, and universities are especially encouraged to visit the collection. And that is precisely what we're about to do now. So let us start this very condensed tour with, appropriately, the first century of printmaking.

ADORATION OF THE MAGI. ***Woodcut, about 1400-20, German.*** **This fragment of a very ancient woodcut (one of the earliest known prints) was made by an anonymous artist, probably a monk. In the fifteenth century, religious prints such as this were designed for the people, to be used by them almost as postcards and souvenirs are today, a fact that explains why so few still exist and why those that do are often in shreds. As a popular feature of daily life, these early prints received hard treatment. Recalling a provincial Gothic manuscript illumination, this Adoration, with its touching piety, was in no way marred by naivete or faulty anatomy.**

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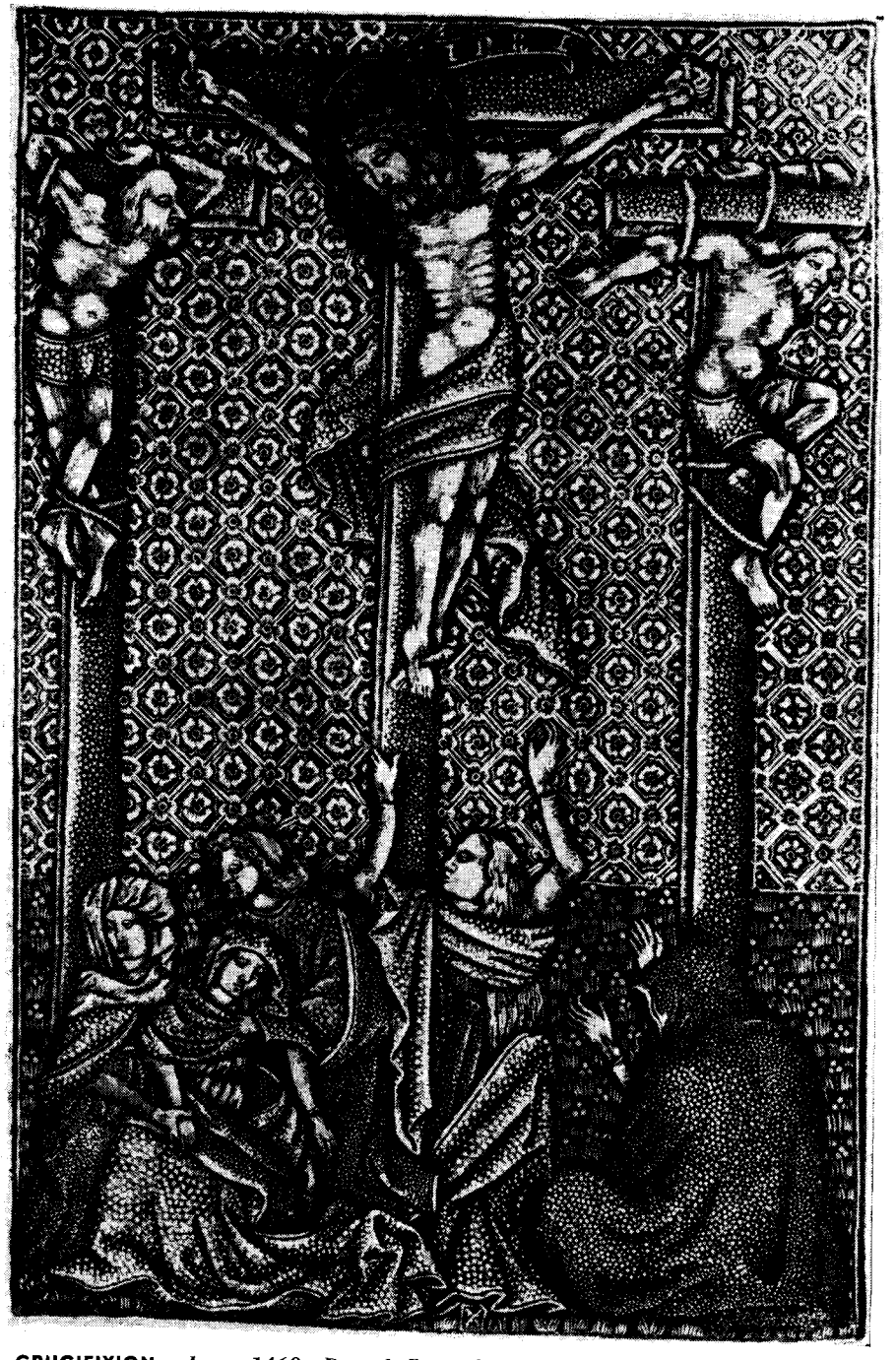

CRUCIFIXION, *about 1460. Dotted Print by Master of the Clubs, German.* This extraordinary metal engraving with its complicated dotted technique is by the so-called Master of the Clubs, an anonymous artist whose name derives from the strange insignia (a small shield with two crossed clubs) appearing on the bottom of the print and thought perhaps to be a signature. Incidentally, only two other impressions of this print are known still to exist. The curious dotted technique recalls the work of contemporary goldsmiths, who depended on knives, punches, and burnishers. Notice how the all-over dotted pattern seems to result from a variety of carefully designed punches. Dotted prints, which are extremely rare, were produced chiefly in Germany during the first century of printmaking. This example is particularly memorable for its brilliant luminosity, unfaded despite the weathering of 500 years. Technically, it is far more advanced than the Adoration done almost fifty years earlier.

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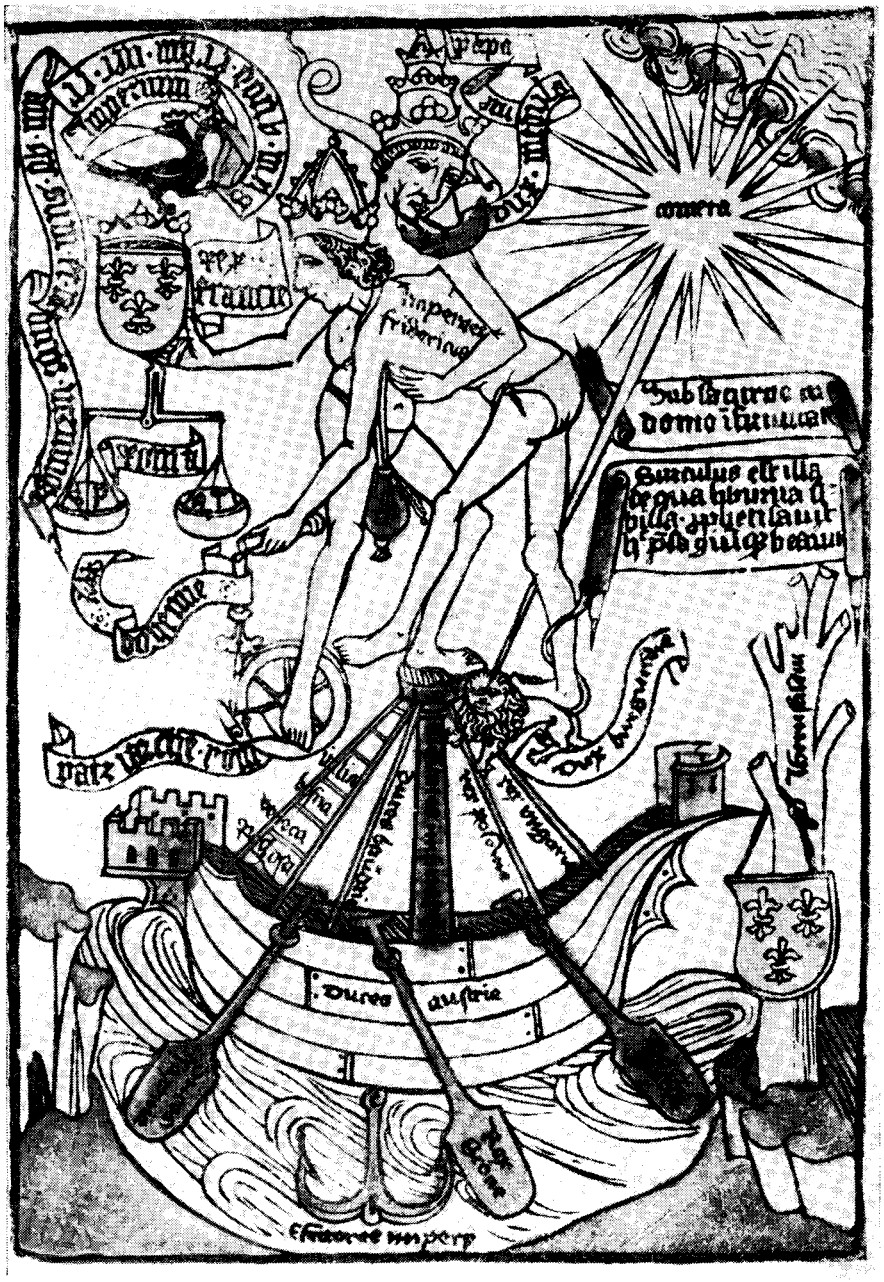

SATIRE OF THE EMPEROR AND THE POPE. ***Woodcut, 1469-1473, German.*** One of the first political cartoons in history, this anonymous woodcut is filled with caustic symbolism. Each object, each word refers to the struggle for power between Pope Paul II and Emperor Frederick III, with the Pope apparently in the lead. He is shown here with his triple crown, literally overwhelming the Emperor, whom he met in Rome during 1468. Awkward, powerful, even brutal, this print suggests that modern German expressionist painters were not unaware of their Teutonic medieval heritage. One thinks immediately of Beckmann's angry indictments.

TWO PEASANTS STRUGGLING, ***about 1475-90, Drypoint by the Master of the Amsterdam Cabinet, Dutch.*** Because early in the nineteenth century the Amsterdam Print Room in Holland acquired a superb series of eighty prints (almost all unique examples) from the hand of an anonymous fifteenth-century artist, this man has come to be known as the Master of the Amsterdam Cabinet. Famous for his amusing genre scenes, he was an engaging realist who recorded the daily life of his times. This tiny print is thought to have been an illustration for the following verse: Before the noon they serve God well/They feast and frolic as they will/In slinging and wrestling they delight/And fortune favors them in fight.

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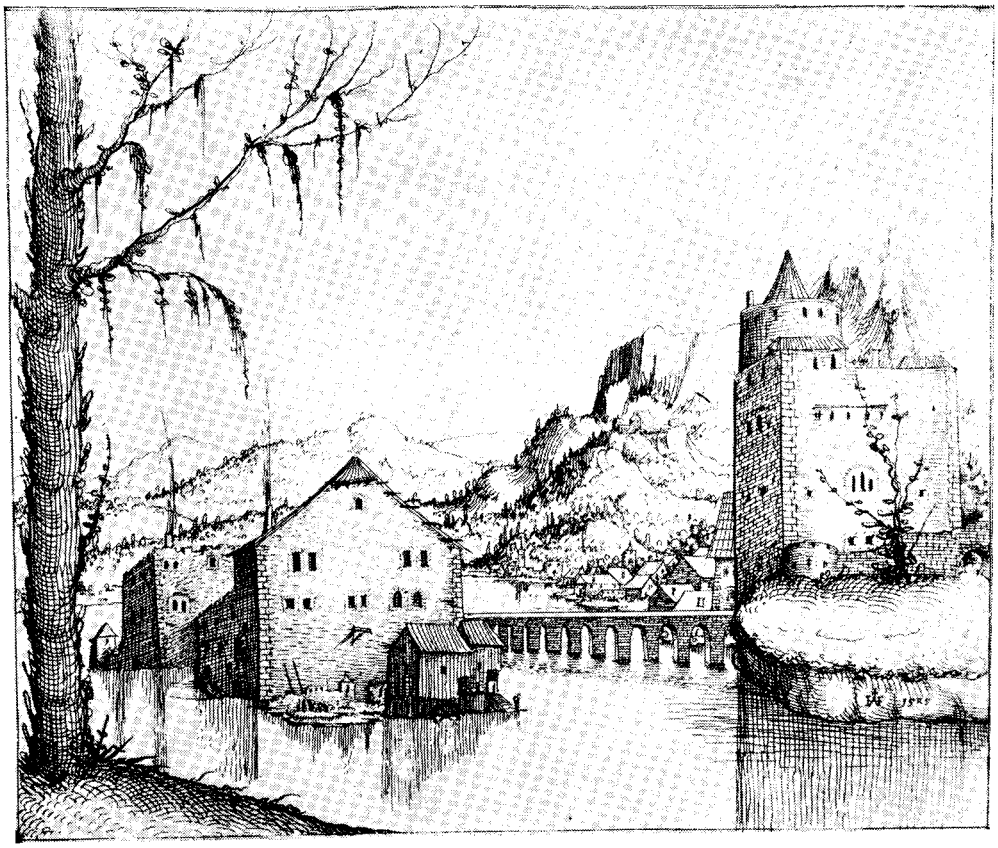
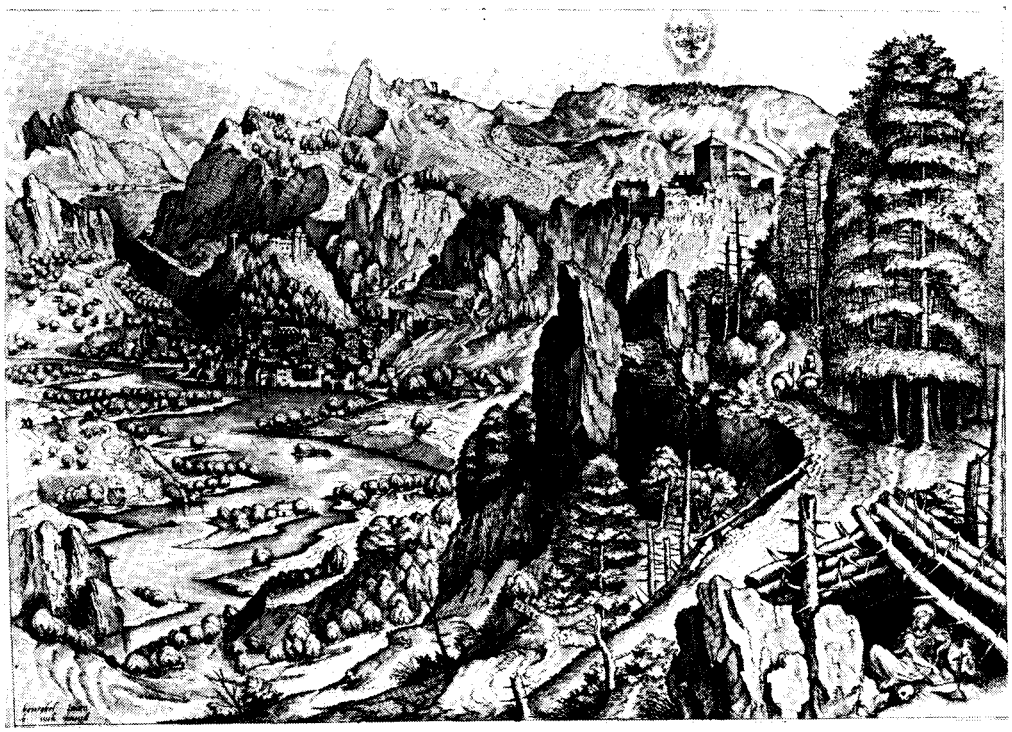


LANDSCAPE WITH TWO BUILDINGS. ***Etchings by Augustin Hirschvogel, 1503-53, German.*** This serene landscape is by the little known but remarkably versatile Augustin Hirschvogel, one of Mr.Rosenwald's favorite printmakers, who was at once cartographer, mathematician, medal and coat-of-arms designer, engineer of distinction, and a sensitive artist who produced some of the most refined etchings of the sixteenth century. He is best remembered for his landscapes, usually simple scenes of translucent purity.

LANDSCAPE WITH MARY MAGDALEN. ***Etching by Pieter Brueghel, the Elder, about 1529-1569, Flemish.*** The incomparable painter Pieter Brueghel made very few of his own prints, though he generally supplied the drawings for them. As a rule anonymous artists did the actual etching. During a trip to Rome in 1553, he conceived a series of ten drawings that were then etched and known as the "Grands Paysages." In these, religious subjects usually played second fiddle to immense topographical landscapes where scenes of vast scale were described in minute terms. At first glance, the Magdalen seems completely dwarfed by her surroundings, but on closer study unexpected small details contribute to her story. Notice the tiny cross on the mountaintop and, nearby, what looks like a figure dangling from a wooden scaffold. It would seem that for Brueghel the daily miracles of nature overshadowed the miracles of man.



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THE WOMAN WITH THE ARROW, ***1661. Etching by Rembrandt van Rijn, 1606-1669, Dutch.*** A rich, velvety etching by perhaps the most celebrated printmaker and painter of all times comes from Rembrandt's late years when he was no longer a public favorite. As in his canvases, so also here emphasis centers on the mystery of light. The beautiful nude is strongly spotlighted while a second figure, seen in bed, and sometimes thought to be Rembrandt himself, is lost in heavy shadow. Few artists could have transformed so earthy a theme into a triumph of light and form. Most scholars feel the etching is misnamed, that the woman is not holding an arrow but a curtain fold.

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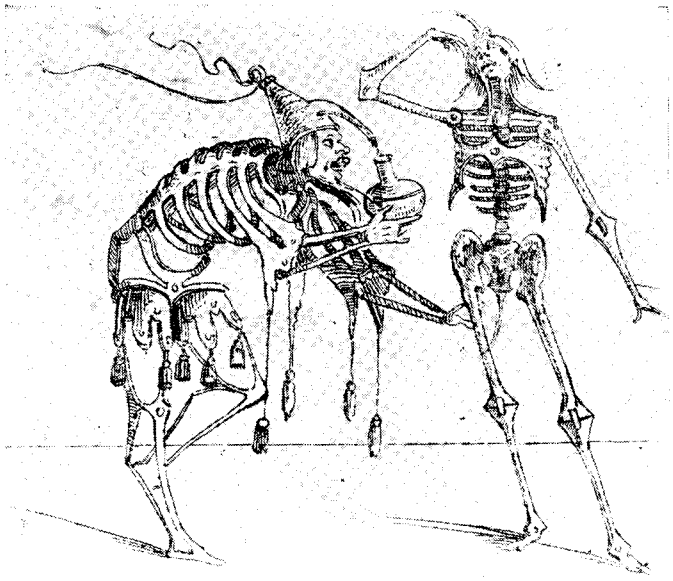

ETCHING FROM THE "BIZARIE," ***by Giovanbatista Bracelli, 1624, Italian.*** Only a very few examples of this seventeenth-century fantastic book still exist, and none of them is complete. Though Bracelli may have also been a painter, his claim to fame rests chiefly on the inventive prints he made for a volume aptly called the "Bizarie." This book originally encompassed a series of fifty small etchings depicting agitated fighting, dancing, leaping, and fencing figures, somewhat akin to the robots of modern cubism and the geometric nudes of Cambiaso, who undoubtedly influenced Bracelli. In his sardonic use of half-human, half-mechanistic figures, Bracelli also predicts the visual puns of twentieth-century surrealism. The "Bizarie" is only one of many rare illustrated books to make the Rosenwald collection outstanding in this field.

MARIN CUREAU DE LA CHAMBRE. ***Engraving by Robert Nanteuil, 1623/5-78, French.*** Robert Nanteuil, the most famous portrait engraver of the seventeenth century, recorded likenesses of the king, the royal family, the court, ministers of state, and important members of the clergy. His luminous prints are almost always limited to realistic portraits of outstanding contemporary French personalities, men like Marin Cureau de la Chambre, who began his career as physician to Louis XIII. Interested in philosophy, art, literature, and science, this wordly doctor associated with a star-studded circle including Corneille, Descartes, la Rochefoucauld, and de Sevigne.

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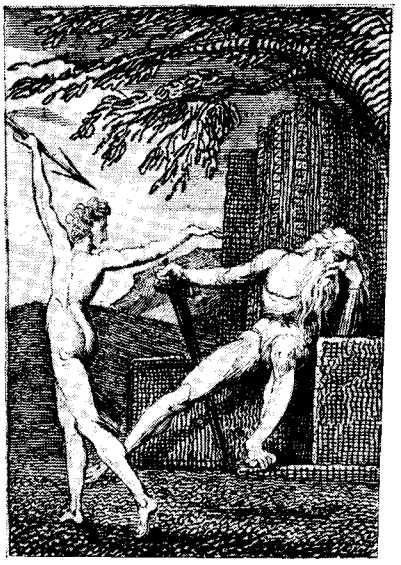
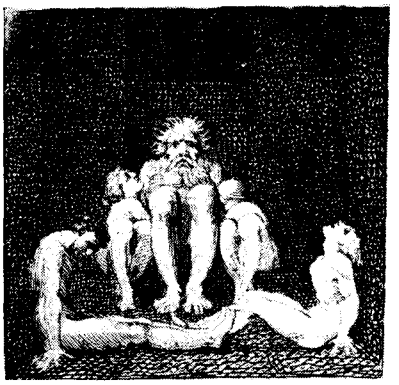
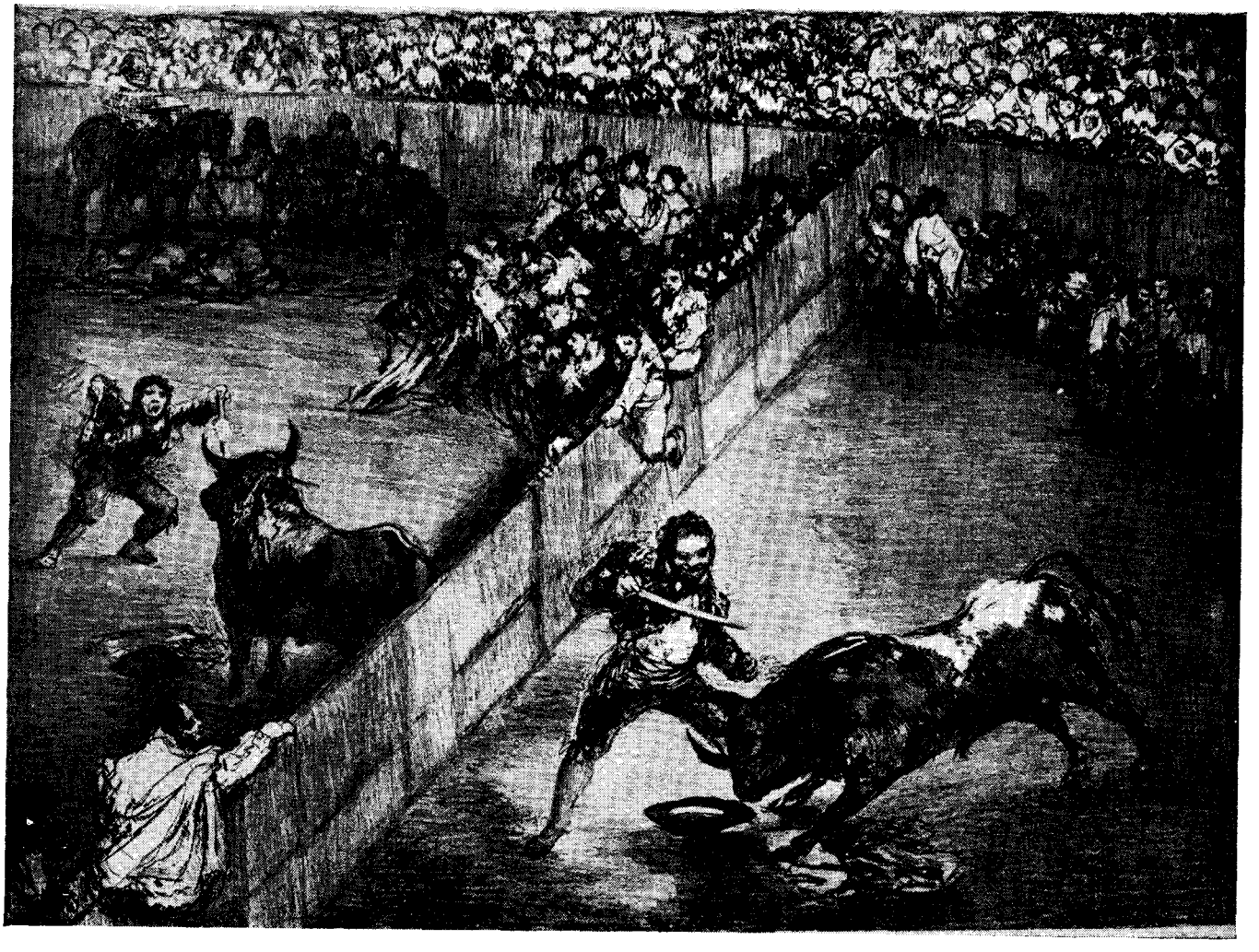




FOR CHILDREN—THE GATES OF PARADISE, *1793, Three Line Engravings from an Illuminated Book by William Blake, 1757-1827, English.* Here are three of eighteen plates the romantic English artist William Blake engraved for a small illuminated book called "For Children—The Gates of Paradise." As Elizabeth Mongan has noted, "The unique quality of Blake's art lies in the fact that he was able to interpret with fire the inventions of his own imagination." Blake was not exaggerating when he said about himself that he was "drunk with intellectual vision." Reading from left to right, the titles of these three dramatic engravings are: "My Son! My Son!" "Does thy God oh priest take such vengeance as this?" "Fear and Hope are—Vision." Blake was a true romanticist.

BULL FIGHT IN A DIVIDED RING. *Lithograph by Francisco Goya, 1746-1828, Spanish.* One of the first important artists to experiment with the newly discovered technique of lithography, Goya made a series of four great lithographs (The Bulls of Bordeaux) during 1823 while exiled in France. It is hard to believe that this daring picture with its unorthodox divided composition was the conception of a seventy-seven-year-old man. That it was done from memory makes even more remarkable the speed, drama, and tension of the scene. No wonder modern artists have borrowed frankly from this Spanish master, who above all was able to interpret life so eloquently while yet eliminating every superfluous detail. Goya used only what he needed to drive his message home.



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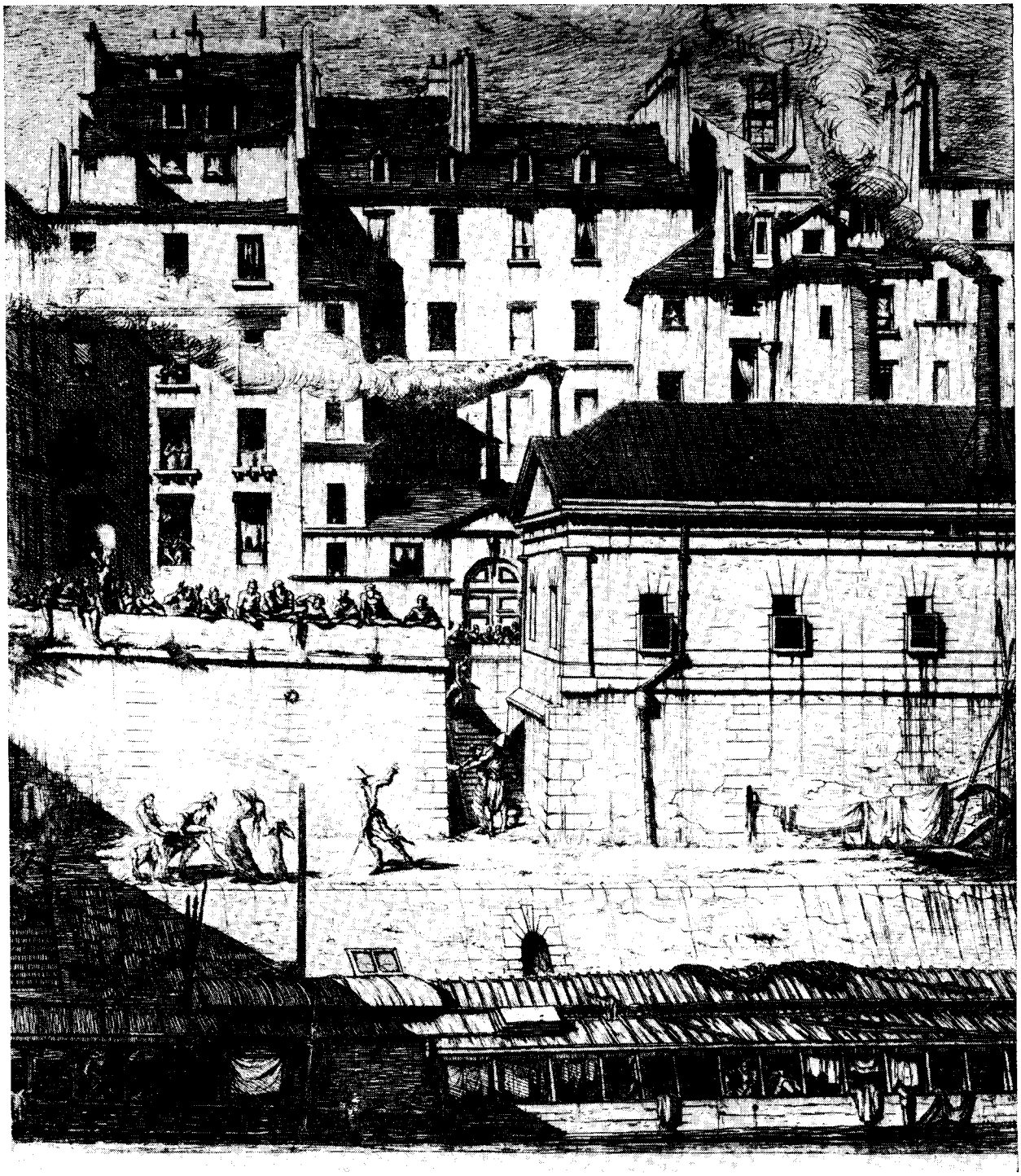

THE MORGUE. ***Etching by Charles Meryon, 1821-68, French.*** Meryon lived for only forty-seven years, but from his hand came some of the greatest architectural compositions ever produced. Though his work is not adequately appreciated yet by the general public, connoisseurs value it highly. A disturbed and neurotic man, Meryon frequently added unexpected sinister details to his seemingly realistic views of Paris. In 1854 he etched "The Morgue," one of his most celebrated prints. Here, a massive rectangular composition, sparked by intense contrasts of light and dark, acts as a foil for the haunting drama of a drowned man being carried to the morgue. Meryon's obsession with the monuments of Paris dominates his etchings, adding up to an incisive, if ominous, biography of a city commonly regarded as gay.

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THE DONKEY AND THE TWO THIEVES. ***Lithograph by Honoré Daumier, 1808-79, French.*** Painter, draftsman, and printmaker, Daumier is perhaps best known as a prolific lithographer whose biting cartoons appeared regularly in popular French newspapers and periodicals. Along with Goya one of the greatest political satirists in history, he recorded the bourgeois frailties of his countrymen with sardonic eyes. A late print, made in the Sixties, shows how much Daumier's interest in painting affected his lithographic technique. Here variety in texture and sweeping loose draftsmanship give evidence of this, but it is the immediacy of the scene that holds us spellbound.

MANET SEATED TURNED TO THE LEFT, *1864.* *Etching by Edgar Degas, 1834-1917, French.* Though Degas is more widely known for his paintings, pastels, sculpture, and drawings, he was equally accomplished as a printmaker. His portrait of the renowned French artist Manet is interesting for its revealing informality and for its deceptively simple black and white design. Here we see Manet as a young man of thirty, the year after he painted his two most controversial canvases, "Dejeuner sur l'Herbe" and "Olympia." Looked on at this time in France as a shocking iconoclast, he nonetheless here emerges as a serious and thoughtful young man. Degas also etched a portrait of Manet "turned to the right."

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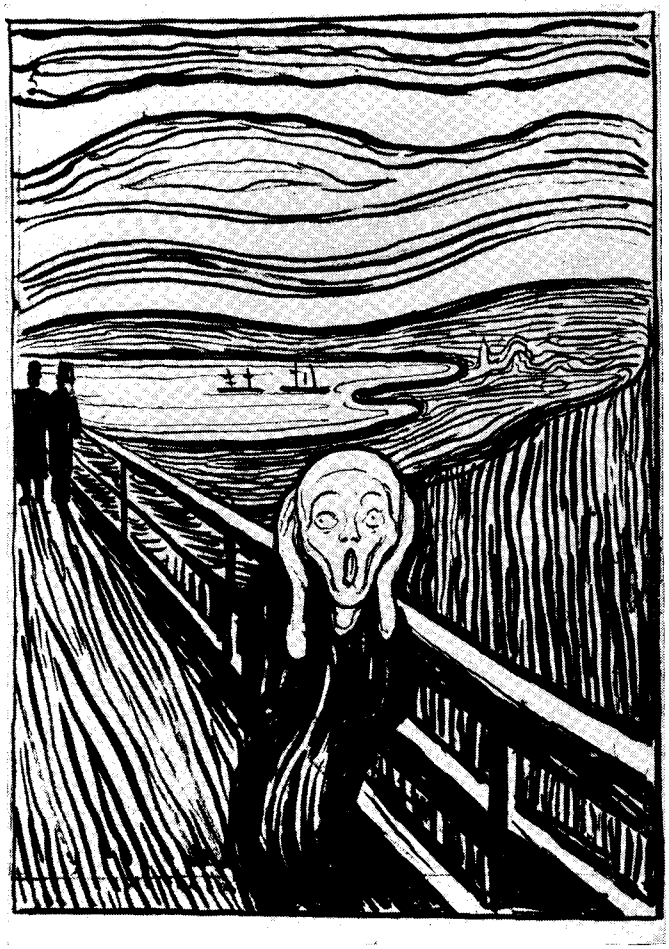

THE CRY. ***Lithograph by Edvard Munch, 1863-1944, Norwegian.*** An early (1895) lithography by Munch is extraordinary if only because of its enormous powers of expression. Here you not only see a scream; you hear one. Considered a father of modern expressionism, Munch was more involved with the feel of a scene than the look of it. In this lithograph, so bold as to suggest a woodcut, the smashing diagonal lines of the bridge make even more dynamic the agitated curves of sky and landscape, while two retreating figures exaggerate the loneliness of a nightmare scene. Written on the margin of the lithograph are these words: "I felt a great cry in the whole universe."

THE CITY. ***Woodcut by Lyonel Feininger, 1871-1956, American.*** Though Feininger was born in New York, he lived for many years in Germany, where he taught painting and graphic arts at the Bauhaus in Weimar and Dessau. As one of the early modern artists to exploit the expressive possibilities of the woodcut, he developed a potent and personal technique in this field. With bold staccato lines used almost like skeletal scaffolding, he made the spaces between his lines as important as the lines themselves. The city, a favorite theme with Feininger, absorbed his attention periodically during his entire life—in Germany, in France, and in America, where the soaring landscape of Manhattan became a never-ending source of interest for him. The early woodcut seen here stems from Germany, where it predicted the robotlike human figures that modern cities are accused of producing.

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BLIND MINOTAUR, ***1934, Aquatint and etching by Pablo Picasso, 1881—, Spanish.*** That Picasso, painter, sculptor, draftsman, ceramist, illustrator, and designer, is also a superb graphic artist only gives further proof of his astonishing versatility, a versatility even the greatest humanists of the Renaissance did not surpass. Long fascinated by the minotaur theme, Picasso made a group of prints during 1934-35 devoted only to blind minotaurs. It is not surprising that as a true son of Spain he used this blind half-human, half-taurian symbol to underline not only the dualism of man, but also the conflicts at that time within his own native land. Picasso, who has made more than 1,000 prints of great technical variety, is particularly well represented in the Rosenwald collection.

CHILDREN AND STILL LIFE, 1956, ***Woodcut by Leonard Baskin, 1922—, American.*** An unusually lyrical, even tender composition by a young American sculptor who is also a proficient graphic artist. As a rule, Baskin's comments on life are filled with fury. Repeatedly his preoccupation is with death and dissolution, but here, on the contrary, he relates growing children to growing plants. The original wood block for this print is also in the Rosenwald collection.

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Learning with Laughter

—*From "One Day in Ancient Rome."*

By Alice Dalgliesh

THIS season humor seems to be the pervading spirit of two types of picture book—of foreign language ones to be shared by adults and children, as well as of some of the "easy-to-read" group.

"*Hourra!*" as Sesyle Joslin's Baby Elephant says in French. In these days we need laughter, and as long as these books are truly funny and do not become "for adults only," or grow feeble-minded while striving for humor, who can object? Booksellers will be grateful for them. As "Winnie Ille Pu" was given by adults to adults last season, so "Le Hibou et la Poussiquette" may be this year. This also applies to "One Day in Ancient Rome."

No one knows whether the trend, playful or serious, to books in other languages will persist; we hope it will, for children need, at the very least, to have a *looking* acquaintance with one other language. It is also a good idea to mix languages with a spice of laughter, if it is done as well as it is in several current books.

There are, so it seems, about four ways to present other languages: 1) The story given in English with an occasional French or Spanish word dropped in. These books have been with us for years, though we scarcely noticed them at first—Roger Duvoisin's for example, or Leo Politi's "Pedro the Angel of Olvera Street," which started timidly with a few words in Spanish, and will appear boldly all in Spanish this Christmas. 2) Amusing, decoratively pictured romps with languages, obviously intended for sharing with adults, and for reading aloud. 3) Favorite stories previously published in English and now rendered into Spanish or French. 4) Somewhat more serious approaches to one language or another.

There are also widely and wildly differing schools of thought as to how to handle the language in question. Shall the English translation be in the same book? Or no translation? Shall there be two books, one a pony for the other? Shall there be phonetic renderings? A French friend of mine considers the books with phonetic equivalents as a form of highly humorous reading, but they may be necessary where no French- or Spanish-speaking teachers or parents are available. They seem particularly mangling to French with its graceful elisions.

As for the "easy-to-read" and "beginner" books, the children will certainly not complain if they are funny. We hope the writers of these valuable little volumes will remember occasionally that there are connectives in our language—three useful little words: "and," "but," "or."

A visiting Canadian teacher complained to me, humorously but not without malice, that American books are teaching Canadian children the five-word, shotgun sentence. Canadian children, she insists, are beginning to speak and write only in staccato fashion. This has to be heard and seen to be believed. However, for those who have not as yet succumbed to the lure of the five-word sentence, there was delight in *Esquire's* cartoon of a children's book editor (male) at a cocktail party saying:

I am a children's book editor.
It is fun, fun, fun.
My office is so big . . .

Why did trade books pick up this style from the regular school readers? How necessary is it beyond the very first books? Can *we* think and write only in five-word sentences? And are older books going to fall into the trap of never using the relative pronoun—which means farewell to "which," "who," and "that"? "*Zut!*" as Baby Elephant says in French, translated as "Gosh darn it!' "*Hecate!*" as Nutrix says in "One Day in Rome" (not needing translation).

Learning to read is essential but it is also necessary to let the language live and breathe.

Fun with Language

LE HIBOU ET LA POUSSIQUETTE. *By Francis Steegmuller. Illustrations by Barbara Cooney. Little, Brown.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. Be sure to see this one! The rhyme is freely translated from Edward Lear's "The Owl and the Pussycat," with the same rhythm but, of necessity, some different words. Barbara Cooney's colorful presentation of the big golden-eyed owl and the charming, languorous poussiquette is a joy. If you wonder what happens to "a runcible spoon" in French, it is only "a very special spoon," not in this particular case paralleling the English "in a grander Gallic way," as jacket copy suggests. However, the artist has firm ideas about a runcible spoon, and, in the delightful picture of the honeymoon picnic, there it is. Edward Lear might well have been entertained by his owl and pussycat sailing away "*fou d'amour.*" The familiar poem is given in English at the back of the book. All ages.

ONE DAY IN ANCIENT ROME. *By G. B. Kirtland. Illustrations by Jerome Snyder. Harcourt, Brace.* 45 *pp.* $2.50. Both adults and children will have a fine time with this extremely original and humorous introduction to a patrician Roman family. Jerome Snyder's illustrations are decorative, amusing, and they also tell a good deal about Roman life. The children, who have no names because they are *you,* are awakened by their pet monkey: "*Salve,* silly monkey." After eating their *jentaculum,* they go shopping with *Nutrix,* the nurse. "*Festina lente,*" calls the parrot as they leave. In the crowded streets someone empties garbage from a window on *Nutrix.* "*Hecate!*" puffs *Nutrix,* "*Hecate!*" The children eat their *prandium* in the garden with their parents and afterwards have a make-believe banquet of their own. The high point of the day is a visit to the circus—quite a show in Roman days. The thirty-three Latin words used do not clutter the text, and there is a pronouncing glossary. Varied ages.

EVERYDAY LIFE IN ANCIENT ROME. *By F. R. Cowell. Illustrated with drawings by D. Stredder Bist. Putnam.* 208 *pp.* $3.50. Here we digress to a more serious presentation. If older brothers and sisters or parents wish to go further with life in ancient Rome, they will be able to do so,

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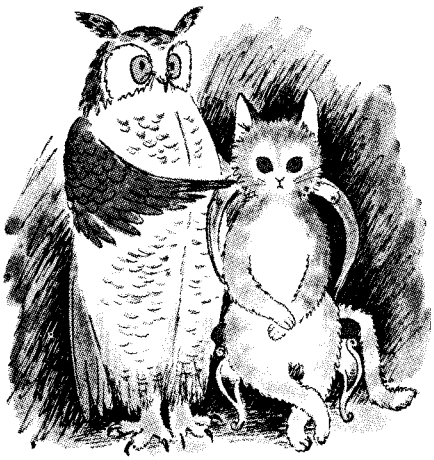
and to see something of the grimmer side of life along with the more pleasant part. Librarians will find it useful as a reference book for young people, and will discover that "there were between twenty and thirty public libraries in Rome during the Empire, as well as an active bookselling trade. . . . Vast masses particularly in the country remained untouched by literary interests." There are illuminating descriptions of "the elegant younger set," and a girl is advised not to be bad-tempered about having her hair dressed, "making the poor hair-dresser girl do it up, and undo it several times, scratching the girl's face with her finger nails!" Ages 12 up.

BABY ELEPHANT'S TRUNK. *By Sesyle Joslin. Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. Harcourt, Brace.* 48 *pp.* $2.50. Now we find Baby Elephant and his mother preparing for a trip to France, which is, quite logically, the country where French elephants live. Having learned a few French words, Baby Elephant packs his trunk; this situation children will love.

> "Come look, Mother Elephant, *s'il vous plaît.* I have already got my trunk packed. *Hourra* for me!"
>
> "What? You have already packed your trunk? *Ma foi!*" said Mother Elephant, very much surprised.
>
> There was Baby Elephant standing next to his bed with his trunk curled up in a large suitcase.

I read parts of this book to a group of university students this summer and was astonished by two spontaneous roars of laughter; in this serious world sounds like that are unexpected. The book is worth its price just for the fun it will bring to adults and children. Also, as Baby Elephant *really* packs he learns quite a few useful French words. Leonard Weisgard's Victorian-flavored illustrations in two colors are perfect. A handsome little book. Ages 5 up.

LE PETIT CHIEN. *Par Denise et Alain Trez.* **THE LITTLE DOG.** *By Denise and Alain Trez. World. Unpaged.* $1.50. The little dog is as attractive in orange and black pictures (plus blue and pink on the jacket) as his tiny book. The story is good, too, though the animal that is unhappy because of his size, but wins happiness through bravery, is an overfamiliar plot. However, it seems fresh here partly because of some different twists and partly because of the pictures, which are amusing and artfully simple. To find the English version, the reader must start at the back cover and read backwards. For a child, this may take some doing, but he'll think it fun when he learns the trick. Children love an occasional small book to carry around. Ages 6 up.



—From "Le Hibou et la Poussiquette."

THE HAPPY LION'S QUEST. *By Louise Fatio. Illustrations by Roger Duvoisin. McGraw-Hill.* 32 *pp.* $3. "The poor Happy Lion, how he sighed!" So starts this story of a favorite character, with a few French words in the text. But wait—the Happy Lion is sad only because François, the keeper's son, is away at the *lycée.* The Lion decides to look for his friend, which gives him the pictorial opportunity to go through charming French farms and barns (don't miss the expressions on the cows' faces), to frighten a *gendarme* into a tree, and finally to arrive at the *lycée.* The boys, of course, are enraptured, and François, driving home with the Lion in the schoolmaster's car, is met—in one of the most delightful pictures—by a grand celebration in his home town. The ending is a happy solution for everyone. Ages 4-7.

LA VIEILLE FEMME ET SON COCHON. *Dessins par Paul Galdone.* **LA VIEJA Y SU CERDO.** *Dibujos de Paul Galdone. Whittlesey House. Unpaged. Each* $2.95. Last year Paul Galdone made amusing pictures for "The Old Woman and Her Pig" in English. Now here it is in French and Spanish, complete with translation and phonetic rendering by Dr. Mary Finocchiaro, director of the Foreign Language Institute at Hunter College. The phonetic renderings are in very small type under the larger type of the regular text.

Having learned French in an entirely different way, I cannot find the road through *"Je sais, je vais aller au marché"* presented phonetically as "Zhuh se, zhuh ve za-*lay* oh mar*shay,"* but there must be those who can. The pictures, *dessins, dibujos,* are fun in any language, and the swing of the story carries one along. Ages 8 up.

A TRIP TO MEXICO. UN VIAJE A MEXICO. *By Terry Shannon. Illustrations by Charles Payzan. Children's Press.* 32 *pp.* $2.50. Still another approach to Spanish, more serious in its intent, in which two children and their parents take an airplane trip to Mexico. The English and Spanish are printed in blue, the phonetic rendering in black. The story line is in English at the bottom of the page, the illustrations (objects labeled in Spanish) at the top. As this has been "educator checked" it is undoubtedly useful, and probably sure-footed children will find it so and be able to pick their way in it. I have my doubts, because it seems quite a potpourri of words and colors. The pictures are ordinary, though explicit. A good example of a school book dressed, more or less, as a trade book. Ages 8 up.

Reading for Enjoyment

LITTLE CHIEF. *Story and pictures by Syd Hoff. Harper.* 64 *pp.* $1.95. What a surprise it is to open this "I Can Read Book" and find that it starts with "Once there were fifty tents in a green valley"—in one smooth sentence. Nine words! The pleasure is almost equal to that of a reviewer of adult books discovering a good first novel. The story is a light-hearted treatment of the wagon train, with not an arrow flying. More Syd Hoff than Indian, but Little Chief will be a much-loved character as he plays with the children of the wagon train and stops a herd of charging buffalo with a grandly upraised hand.

There are several others in this cheerful series. They are all listed on the back of the jacket of this one. Ages 4-8.

—From "La Vieille Femme et Son Cochon."

I CAN'T SAID THE ANT. *By Polly Cameron. Illustrated by the author. Coward-McCann. Unpaged.* $2.50. Polly Cameron's "A Child's Book of Nonsense" was one of the pleasant first books of last year. Her second is also attractive with its red pictures and black text. The hero, an ant, arrives in a kitchen at a moment of crisis —just as the teapot falls to the floor. Little ant must do something about it. He tries, amid much vocal encouragement from kitchen objects.

> "That's the way," said the tray.
> "That's good," said the wood.
> "Higher," said the fire.
> "It's a breeze," said the cheese.

Finally he gets help from many ant brothers plus two spiders. Fun with rhyming, and an unobtrusive moral that dates back to Bruce and the spider. Ages 4-7.

MORE RIDDLES. *By Bennett Cerf. Illustrations by Roy McKie. Random House.* 64 *pp.* $1.95. In the days when I taught reading to first-graders I would have welcomed a book of riddles that would carry a child's interest over from page to page, as these do. When attention is caught like this, even an unusual word does not seem

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to slow up the reader—he *has* to find the answer. In this case the answer is always over the page:

What can fall down/and never get hurt-
Snow can fall down/and never get hurt.

The pictures, gay and funny, help the riddles along.

Mr. Cerf obviously makes play with such useful words as "what" and "which." He also does not mind using "and." This has been preceded by two other riddle books. Ages 6-7.

LITTLE BEAR'S VISIT. *By Elsie Holmelund Minarik. Illustrations by Maurice Sendak. Harper.* 64 *pp.* $1.95. One of the many charms of the four books about Little Bear is that their author has never been persuaded or pushed into using the very short sentence. It is quite possible that they can be read only by "top" first-grade readers, and by those who have triumphantly reached second grade, but it also makes it possible for adults to read them to younger children with real enjoyment.

Among other delights of these stories are the relationships between Little Bear and his family, and the gentle, understanding humor that seems to come so naturally both to author and artist.

This time Little Bear visits his grandparents, and each of them tells him a story. Incidentally, this book is also a primer on how to be a good grandparent. Ages 4 up.

WORDS INSIDE WORDS. *By Michael Sage. Illustrations by Arnold Spilka. Lippincott. Unpaged.* $2.95. A word book that becomes more difficult as it progresses and finally leads to games that children can play. (A set of Scrabble might be handy for playing it more easily.)

"Did you know," asks the first page, "that you can find words within words?

For example
Inside of DOG
You can find DO
Inside of CAT
You can find AT"

. . . and so on. As the publisher suggests, for rainy days this is a useful book. The pictures are amusing though sometimes looking too much as if children had drawn them. Ages 7-10.

STORIES FOR FUN AND ADVENTURE. *Selected and with an Introduction by Phyllis Fenner and Mary McCrea. John Day.* 190 *pp.* $3.50. Congratulations to the editors for collecting fifteen stories that may be read by "younger average readers" and "older reluctant readers" without changing or rewording the authors' work. Most of the stories were originally "younger," but the omission of illustrations means that they may be read at almost any age. (Presumably the reader will not tackle the preface, which explains the plan.) One of the tales included is neither fun nor adventure; it is "The Hundred Dresses," Eleanor Estes's poignant and beautiful story about a girl who is misunderstood by the other children at school. Varied ages.

Views

Continued from page 23

what is needed now is an ability to canalize enthusiasm toward "a dynamic goal." It is admirable to have an ability to cope with bigness; but the bigness of the moment should not blot out the immense proportions of a duty that may have to continue as long as our civilization survives. The worst flaw in the American student is often found, so Professor Peyre believes, in his elders as well. It is a certain diffidence which hides its inhibiting insecurity behind the mask of the extrovert. A citizen of two worlds risks this advice to the society that has been plunged into leadership: in a time of decision like the present no qualities will serve civilization's great need but those that are "strengthened by the critical spirit" and nourished by imagination.

Generous of outlook, witty in almost every turn of thought, this book presents its author as the most gracious, yet the most earnest, of moralists. The tone of his counsel is as attractive as it is persuasive.

Mark Van Doren may seem, at first glance, to be concerned with less crucial matters. His celebration of the intellectual's divine trinity is presented to us in expressions very like psalms of thanksgiving for revelations of excellence. He finds these excellences in the poetry of Hardy and—at its best—in that of Whitman. He finds them in the searching insights of such other experts of interpretation as Cervantes and Thomas Mann. With a modesty that has the after-taste of humor but none of insincerity, Van Doren suggests that there may be "a possible importance" to poetry. In the enduring works of literature the few formulate for the many a profession of faith which is, quite simply, that "the world is a hard place to live in at any cost but that the cost is prohibitive only for those who make the mistake of thinking it is Heaven—or, worse yet, that it should be."

The special quality of such an intelligence as this is receptiveness. Of Thomas Mann this admirer of breadth and serenity in the critical temper says: ". . . he liked ideas and he could live with all of them at once." So Mark Van Doren praises in another a virtue that he nourishes in himself. The service that both literature and learning give to life is that of awakening a sense of tragedy and along with it a sense of comedy. To Van Doren the two are inseparable. They are united in the sense of irony, that finest possession of the civilized intelligence which makes all experience intelligible

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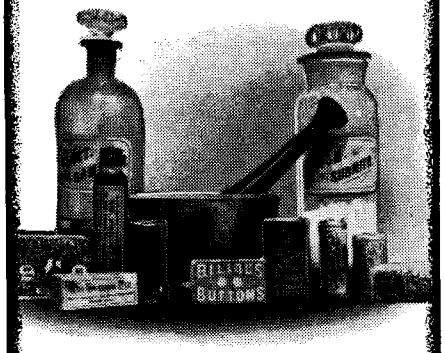

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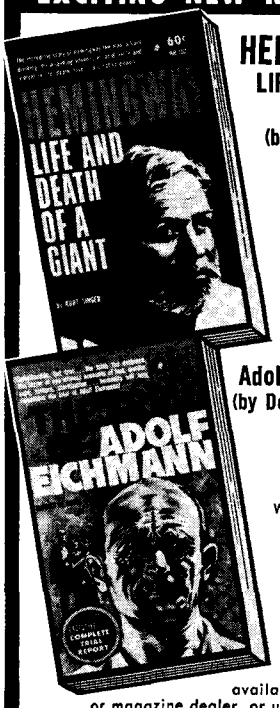

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and therefore endurable. (The theme of all these essays might be said to be that literary irony is an amalgam of the iron of moral resolution and the silver of fine expression.)

Van Doren's essays justify their theme. They enclose without making any gesture of sweeping magnificence the full meaning of a personal philosophy. In a world so full of surprising chances it is wise—again as Van Doren says of Mann—"to believe in everything" that creates understanding: in sorrow as well as in joy, in unhappiness as well as in happiness, in the losses that save dignity, in the sufferings that preserve self-esteem, in the comedy and tragedy that fulfill each other.

High-spirited yet sober, unassertive yet eloquent, Mark Van Doren shares here his life-long enthusiasm for literary excellence. In essays written with distinction and informed with the grace and courtesy that are the best attributes of discrimination he makes his enthusiasm happily contagious.

Into this conversation of critics Winfield Townley Scott introduces chiefly the distractions of literary gossip. He, too, wants to talk about poets and seekers of enrichment for the imagination. Several times his choices fall on oddities of the arts into whom it is difficult for even an ardent admirer to breathe renewed life. Always Winfield Scott seems to be concerned with personalities rather than with points of view, with stage effects of entrances and exits rather than with the lines spoken by creative artists in their moment before their audiences. Mr. Scott likes anecdotes and he tells them with a certain verve. It seems not to trouble his sensibilities that his treatment of such episodes tends in one instance to make a clattering exhibitionist of Amy Lowell, in another to make a pathetic snob of Booth Tarkington, and in a third—the saddest of all—to make a dreary automaton of Edwin Arlington Robinson. What he teaches us—if anything—is that the dwindling reputations of these particular writers may be accounted for by the existence in them of traits that, in the living of their lives, impaired dignity and snuffed out human warmth. Much of what these essays communicate is trivial, some of it awkwardly belittles what it attempts to glorify, and all of it seems quite beside the point.

Perhaps the literary gossip serves a purpose in spite of himself. He reminds us to be properly grateful for criticism that is at once conscientious, searching, and courteous.

Wizard of Disenchantment

"The Rising Gorge," by S. J. Perelman *(Simon & Schuster. 287 pp. $4.50), casts more Perelmania at the swinish cliché. Burling Lowrey edited the recent anthology "Twentieth Century Parody."*

By Burling Lowrey

S. J. PERELMAN is the most durable and, over the long haul, possibly the most brilliant of that familiar group of humorists whose wit fructified in the Twenties and Thirties and who found a spiritual home in the pages of *The New Yorker*. His new collection, "The Rising Gorge" (perhaps the most revealing of all Perelman book titles), substantiates the well-established opinion that the Master's forte is without question a biting, sardonic prose style, at times almost Dadaistic in its emphasis on the sound of words as an end in itself. Like Vladimir Nabokov, whom he most resembles in manner and technique, Perelman is at his best when creating sharp capsule sketches of human gargoyles, such as "a saccharine Southern Gentlewoman with marcelled blue hair, false choppers, and the profile of an iguana. Her Dixiefresh, cornpone labials had a way of embedding themselves in one's skin and festering there like spicules of steel wool."

All of the pieces in this collection are presented in some form of satire or parody, and the subject matter ranges from spoofs on the garish tribal customs of Hollywood, Las Vegas, and Miami Beach, to an account of a trip to the East Coast of Africa punctuated by an incredible series of mishaps, reversals, and encounters with large bores, to the collecting of exotica (toucans, Oriental and African stone sculptures, garnet earrings). The pieces on Hollywood are outrageously funny, mainly because Perelman, through his superb sense of mimicry, lets the stock types—producer, agent, mindless Brando imitator, vacuous starlet ("Darling, it's too fabulously duvoon . . !")—parody themselves as they welter in pagan lushness. The travel sketches, which might be called "Perelman's Answer to 'The Green Hills of Africa,'" follow the enchantment-disenchantment syndrome of the incurable romantic. They are a refreshing antidote to the nonsense of the Robert Ruarks, and would be even better if the author had detached himself further from the Mitty-like narrator.

Three of the pieces in this collection are so good that one may feel compelled to read them aloud to any audience he can muster. "Small Is My Cinema, Deep My Doze" is a long overdue satire, and a fine one, on the excesses and avant-garde pretensions of the numerous art cinemas that have mushroomed recently in cities all over the country. "Eine Kleine Mothmusik" exploits the author's almost Freudian preoccupation with clothes through an absolutely believable correspondence between S. J. Perelman and the owner of a dry-cleaning establishment in Greenwich Village over whether or not a certain suit was put into cold storage for the summer. The exchange develops into a wonderful rolling snowball of mishaps, misunderstandings, malapropisms, and dead-pan exasperation. Finally, there is "Impresario on the Lam," a beautifully sustained sketch dealing with a producer who insists, against overwhelming odds, on doing an "intimate revue." Combining the frenetic pace of a Mack Sennett silent with sharp social observation and an unrestrained description of one of the funniest drunk scenes in print, this mad slice of Broadwayana has all the ingredients of an imperishable classic.

For the sake of honest perspective it must be said that "Is You or Is You Ain't, Goober Man?" and "I Declare, Under Penalty of Milkshake" simply do not come off, period. It must also be said that the author's technique of using a far-out news item as a springboard to a satiric playlet has become a trifle threadbare. Conclusion: Mr. Perelman, who has a deadly eye and ear for other people's clichés, may have to do some hatchet work on one of his own.

That being done with, a final truism comes to mind. Humor, as someone said, is a serious business; and, in finishing this collection, one is left with the impression that S. J. Perelman is an absolutely sane, rational man, awash in a world irretrievably out of joint.

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Literary Horizons

(*Continued from page* 15)

J. T. Malone's daughter is in love with Jester, whereas Sherman looks up to Zippo Mullins.) Mrs. McCullers has sometimes suggested that love is always hopeless but remains the greatest force in human life.

The scene in which Jester meets Sherman Pew is a brilliant example of Mrs. McCullers's ability to portray, as she has several times done, the complexities and ambiguities of adolescence. Quite as impressive is her portrait of the aged Judge Clane, and her insight into the mind of the stricken Malone is extraordinary. And behind and within all that happens one feels the tensions of an intolerable situation.

What more can anybody ask? In all reason, nothing. But one can remember "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," in which, by the grace of some inexplicable power, more was given.

THE DESTINY

By Cid Corman

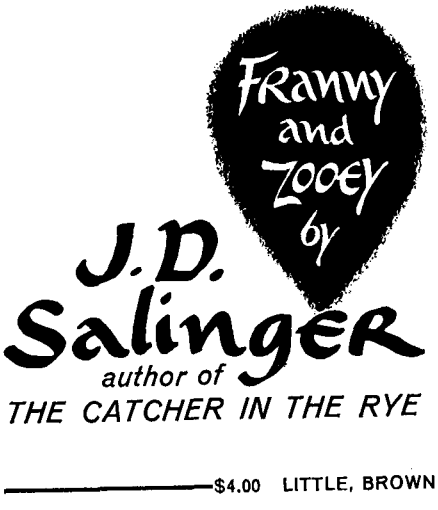
NOBODY'S called up
to have it removed, so
flies have moved in

feed intensified
in the stiff tiger fur
pausing only

to copulate at a buzz.
How when the beast walked
wind flared white

against it and it
stopped for a moment
to look back sensing

something and then
continued on to become
meat and a house.



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Editorial

Continued from page 24

government but people everywhere—are determined to make the cause of meaningful survival their main concern. What you as an individual do in the next few months will have a direct bearing on the question whether nuclear war can be averted and a free America sustained. If you do not involve yourself fully in the great debate over American security and human security, you weaken the vital force that effective survival requires.

It is not too late—if we break away from dead-end thinking. The notion that we can have security *just* by making bigger and better bombs is dead-end thinking. No nation in history has had more power than we have today. Yet the American people have never been less secure than they are today. Our nuclear arsenal can be ten times its present size but we will not have security—so long as the nuclear arms race and missile race continue and so long as a cocked atomic revolver is held at our heads.

The idea that the sheer existence of our nuclear stockpile will act as a deterrent is dead-end thinking. If the deterrent idea held any water, the Soviet would not have acted as it did in Berlin or elsewhere. Similarly, the existence of a heavy Soviet nuclear stockpile has not deterred the United States from looking after its vital interests in Berlin or elsewhere. Threats and counter-threats, backed by nuclear force, have so far not worked. If anything, the existence of nuclear force on both sides has acted as a stimulant to conflict, in the sense that it places such a high premium on hitting first. We must look beyond the big bombs if we want to free ourselves from dead ends.

It is not too late—if the United States makes known its full, total, and unequivocal support of the United Nations as the principal agency for handling world disputes.

It is true that the United Nations does not now have the means of resolving serious disputes among the major powers.

It is true that the United Nations, as presently constituted, lacks the effective machinery of world law.

It is true that the United Nations has been hamstrung by Soviet obstructionism, especially in the operations of the Secretariat.

But these are no reasons for holding back. In fact, this makes it all the more important for the United States to exert the fullest and most imaginative leadership of which it is capable in behalf of the United Nations.

There can be no true peace in this world—and certainly no freedom for the free—without world law.

The central objective of American foreign policy, therefore, should be a United Nations invested with adequate and responsible authority:

> authority to underwrite the safety, independence, and essential sovereignty of all nations, large and small;
>
> authority to put an end to the arms race by providing a true basis for security in the world;
>
> authority to resolve disputes on the basis of law and justice.

Such a United Nations cannot be created overnight. But even in the act of identifying ourselves with that concept and in working for it we create an important counter-force to the present perilous drift. We do something else: we create a powerful rallying point for the majority of the world's peoples.

In the meanwhile, we can make the United Nations central in our foreign policy. Before we resume nuclear testing of our own, we should utilize to the fullest the forum offered by the U.N. for putting world public opinion to work. President Kennedy has stated that our existing supply of nuclear weapons is adequate for all practical purposes.

As it concerns Berlin, we have no hope other than to use whatever machinery is available to us through the U.N. Inadequate and inconclusive though a debate on Berlin may be in the U.N., it is better than a specific and tangible eruption of nuclear power.

In bringing the Berlin issue before the U.N., however, we can make it clear that our main interest is in strengthening the United Nations and in enabling it to truly represent the hopes of peoples for an enduring peace.

Such advocacy will not by itself produce the basis for an ordered world. But the advocacy of a great idea is where our security begins. —N. C.

"There are things that are important beyond all this fiddle"

By G. C. Oden

WRITES Marianne Moore. And I believe her.
Nevertheless, I have mocked myself when
at battle station standing bulldog-dark
and flat-footed as a duck catching rain.
For I am shy by nature. I prefer
to keep from speech; and, even, if faced by
not unkind attention I will run, though
walking were quite enough to quit review.
In truth, I am most at home when starling-
like anonymous. Yet, every now and
then, such cottontail decorum chides as
green fruit grieves a tongue; misdoing bugles
for redress and clay to need I am.

I

suspect you have so surprised yourself—you
who would live and let live only. In the
mind's searchlight of dense encounter, spider-
belly-bound to inner truth, you have charged
the field against wrong; minuteman; standards
full ribboned downwind. No hero you, you
thought; nor teeth of any conscience other
than your own. Which is my point. What proof of
our bond with good can we, clearer, have? What
freedom of action, more, could we want? The
best in us helmsman, do we not live, then,
the fullest? It is the habit of green
that profits earth. We fruit such income when
we favor feedlines of our possible
growth. I ought remember this the next time
churning in the drum roll of the count down;
except I won't, blood, bowels, tears betraying.

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As Others See Us

Continued from page 14

observers. This is due to several things. Russian space achievements have at least altered the picture of American predominance and American arrogance. As one noted U.S. correspondent put it recently, there is in Western Europe "less envy, less of a feeling of inferiority, now that the United States is not first." Our openly publicized man-in-space experiments were in such a marked contrast to Russia's secrecy that "for once our tendency to put everything on television paid off."

Nor would it be fair to say that this country was entirely lacking in staunch friends and admirers in Europe before these recent occurrences. One salient example is Father Bruckberger, the French Dominican priest, who spent eight years in the United States, and then wrote "Image of America" (1959). Father Bruckberger, both an intellectual and a man of action (he was chaplain to the French Foreign Legion and then was decorated for his part in the French Resistance movement in World War II), says in his book that "the portrait of America and Americans accepted throughout the rest of the world is not a likeness but a caricature." He goes on to declare that "America has given me hope for man's future that I did not have before."

BUT there is no gainsaying that Father Bruckberger appears to be in the minority at the present time. Part of the blame for this should be placed on the shoulders of the U.S. press, according to a small group of foreign students from various parts of the world who spent a year in this country and met at Cornell University this summer before returning overseas. They united in declaring that our newspapers and magazines are grossly misrepresenting foreign nations, especially those in Africa, and are painting a glamourous and highly misleading picture of America for foreign readers.

According to the consensus of this group, our press not only fails to understand what is happening in other lands ("the American keeps talking of the Africa of twenty years ago"); our newspapers depict "an American who thinks he is the philosopher-king of today's world, with the infallibility of God, the innocence of Adam, the missionary zeal of Christ, and having exclusive monopoly on the moral virtues of goodness and rightness."

All this should shake us out of our complacency. But being shaken is not enough. What should we *do*, in an effort to make ourselves better understood abroad, and at the same time to acquire a better understanding of foreign attitudes?

A partial list of reasonable goals might be somewhat as follows:

1. A better planned, better organized, and better managed U.S. foreign aid program, with more selective aid, and firmer guarantees that aid will go to those elements in each country that need it. The great success of the American hospital ship *Hope* in Southeast Asia may suggest new approaches in the giving of aid. Furthermore, we must stop assuming that democracy can be exported to peoples who are not even remotely ready for it.

2. Improved performance on the part of the United States Information Agency and its Voice of America, with the offering of impartial news broadcasts, and more adequate descriptions of U.S. policies and objectives, plus a minimum of self-righteousness. The greater acceptance of the BBC abroad as more reliable and nonpartisan should have lessons for us.

3. Stepped-up efforts on the part of U.S. tourist agencies to impress on Americans the importance of good manners overseas. Loud criticisms of the countries they are visiting and their customs should cease.

4. Similar efforts to facilitate the entry of foreign tourists into the United States and to make them welcome. Insistence on greater familiarity with foreign languages on the part of our customs officials, travel agents, and others who come into contact with foreign visitors.

5. Appointment of U.S. Ambassadors who can speak the language of the countries to which they are accredited. A corollary is that our schools and colleges must put more emphasis on language instruction.

6. Promotion of a greater cultural exchange between European countries and the United States, as well as an expanded two-way flow of goods.

7. Attempts to convince the press of the U.S. and that of Europe that they should make the greatest effort they have ever put forth to create true understanding through accurate, uncolored, unprejudiced accounts of conditions, happenings, trends, and personalities in other lands.

Some such program as the foregoing might greatly lessen the colossal amount of misunderstanding that exists today among the nations of the free world, and markedly reduce the widespread and often unfair criticism of the United States. It could also strengthen the West for the deadly struggle with international Communism that lies ahead.

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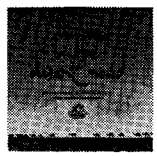

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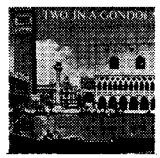

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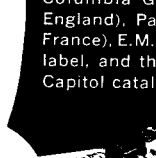

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Q. Official subject of "College" founded by Urban VIII, 17th cent., to educate priests for missions.	146 23 42 91 123 90 97 34 11 20
R. Uneasy; fidgeting; impatient under restraint.	196 111 44 67 185 113 54
S. Special localized observers of you, in song (3 wds.).	92 124 192 66 137 140 61 116 46 14 22
T. Orate.	172 147 102 174 195 125 45 184 13
U. Annoyed with (2 wds.).	47 86 136 148 173 197 158
V. Process of boiling anything to extract its virtues.	99 24 6 76 19 180 88 114 157
W. In greater advance of the appointed time.	96 160 143 204 56 63 178
X. Small bed, usually of canvas stretched on a frame (2 wds.).	89 168 130 135 194 122 177 117 119
Y. Prosperous.	35 159 74 199 40 21 32 58

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 N	2 C		3 A	4 M	5 J	6 V	7 G	8 B	9 C	10 H		11 Q	12 N	13 T	
14 S	15 F	16 E	17 N	18 M	19 V	20 Q		21 Y	22 S		23 Q	24 V	25 F	26 K	27 L	28 N
29 I	30 H	31 G	32 Y		33 I	34 Q	35 Y	36 P	37 L		38 M	39 C	40 Y	41 P		42 Q
43 C		44 R	45 T	46 S		47 U	48 A		49 C	50 A	51 P		52 O	53 P	54 R	55 E
56 W	57 I	58 Y		59 E	60 M		61 S	62 C	63 W		64 J	65 K	66 S	67 R		68 P
69 D	70 A		71 B	72 J	73 L	74 Y	75 F		76 V	77 Q		78 B	79 O	80 H		81 G
82 K	83 M		84 B	85 E	86 U	87 H	88 V	89 X	90 Q		91 Q	92 S	93 L	94 I	95 G	96 W
	97 Q	98 J	99 V		100 P	101 M	102 T	103 I	104 K		105 G	106 I	107 O	108 C	109 J	110 F
111 R	112 B		113 R	114 V	115 N	116 S		117 X	118 K		119 X	120 H	121 M		122 X	123 Q
124 S		125 T	126 B	127 E	128 D		129 P	130 X	131 B	132 F		133 B	134 O	135 X	136 U	
137 S	138 O		139 K	140 S	141 I	142 H	143 W		144 L	145 E	146 Q	147 T	148 U	149 D		150 H
151 N		152 H	153 A		154 D	155 F	156 G	157 V		158 U	159 Y	160 W	161 K		162 A	163 I
164 P	165 C	166 G	167 E	168 X		169 K	170 L	171 C	172 T		173 U	174 T	175 B	176 I	177 X	178 W
179 H	180 V	181 J	182 M		183 G	184 T		185 R	186 H		187 K	188 N	189 F	190 H		191 D
192 S	193 E	194 X	195 T	196 R	197 U	198 I	199 Y	200 P		201 D	202 H		203 G	204 W	205 D	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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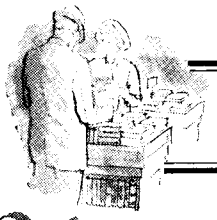

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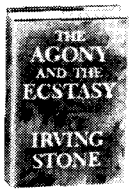

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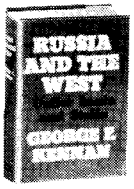

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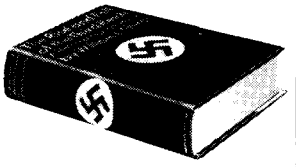

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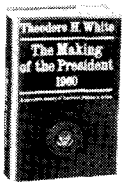

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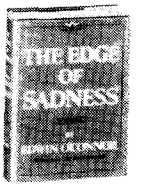

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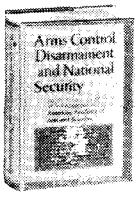

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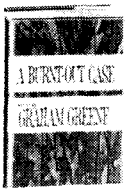

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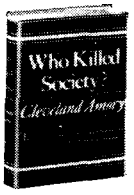

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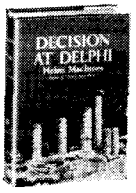

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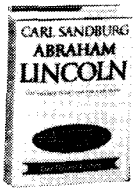

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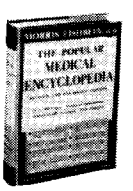

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